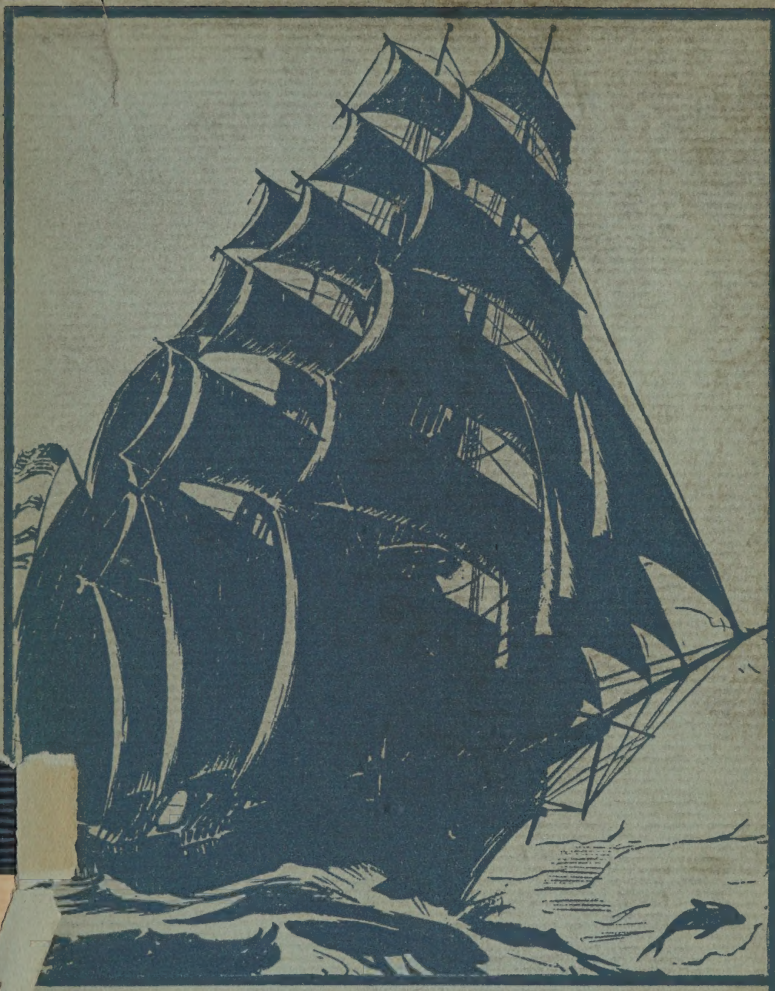

A SEA CHEST

AN ANTHOLOGY OF SHIPS AND SAILORMEN

COMPILED BY

C. FOX SMITH

$2.00

SHIP ALLEY

By C. Fox Smith

As the author of 'Sailor Town Days,' 'Sea Songs and Ballads,' and 'A Book of Famous Ships,' C. Fox Smith has achieved a unique place as an interpreter of the sea and of sailor life.

In her new book, 'Ship Alley,' she writes of the streets that may be found in every seaport, great or small, the streets that lead to the sea. Sordid or beautiful, prosperous or tumbled into picturesque decay, these are to every lover of the sea the roads to romance.

From ship alleys of all descriptions the author has gleaned the sketches which are included in this book. Sailors' Inns, Fascination of Charts, The Sea Cook, Figureheads, Ship Models, Laid Up, these few chapter titles suggest the pleasure in store for all readers of 'Ship Alley' who have felt the fascination of the sea.

Illustrated by PHIL W. SMITH

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A SEA CHEST

BOOKS BY MISS FOX SMITH

SONGS AND SHANTIES
SAILOR TOWN DAYS
SEA SONGS AND BALLADS
A BOOK OF FAMOUS SHIPS
SHIP ALLEY
THE RETURN OF THE "CUTTY SARK"
FULL SAIL
A BOOK OF SHANTIES
TALES OF THE CLIPPER SHIPS

A SEA CHEST

AN ANTHOLOGY OF SHIPS
AND SAILORMEN

COMPILED BY
C. FOX SMITH

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
1927

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

NOTE

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INTROIT

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters ;

These see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep. For He commandeth, and raiseth up the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof.

They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths : their soul is melted because of trouble.

They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end.

Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He bringeth them out of their distresses.

He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still.

Then are they glad because they be quiet ; so He bringeth them unto their desired haven.

PSALM cvii.

A SEA CHEST

INTRODUCTION

I

This little book is not a book about the sea. It is a book about ships and sailors: and there is as much difference between the two as between those classic examples of diversity, chalk and cheese—rather more, indeed, since these latter commodities have at least their two first letters in common, the former only an initial. Nor am I in the least certain that it has any right to call itself by a name so pretentious as 'anthology'—that title seeming to imply a degree of considered and studious selection, to say nothing of a high standard of literary excellence, to which this modest collection lays no claim. Rather should I call it a kind of hotch-potch or omnium gatherum of all sorts of verse and prose odds and ends of a salty and a tarry flavour—rovings, shakings, ratline stuff, what you will—a

literary junk store, so to speak, rummaging in whose heterogeneous heaps the casual passer-by may hope to find something to arouse interest and curiosity, or to touch, it may be, some hidden chord of memory.

It will, no doubt, being, as every such collection is bound to be in the long run, very largely the expression of the compiler's individual fancy, be found not to contain a good many things which in the opinion of other people it ought to contain; and, conversely, to contain a good many other things which still other people will think ought not to have been included at all.

So far as the latter class is concerned, I fear it cannot be helped. The things which are in the book are there simply and solely because they happened to appeal to me personally, either by reason of oddness, or beauty, or any one of a dozen other qualities, or their bearing upon some special aspect of sea life—by no means necessarily on account of literary excellence (if it had been so, I could hardly, without unduly outraging modesty, have included anything of my own writing). So much then for sins

of commission ; as regards those of omission a little more explanation is perhaps necessary.

It will, of course, be noticed that I have left out altogether one very important class, namely, poems and ballads dealing with naval engagements. I decided to do this for a variety of reasons—anything in the nature of a tendency towards pacifism being, I hasten to add, not among them—and only after a good deal of deliberation.

First and foremost, there are already so many admirable collections devoted exclusively or very largely to this branch of nautical literature that in these days of a bewildering multiplicity of books there seemed to me no very adequate excuse for adding to their number. Again, if one were to include any poems at all belonging to this category, the difficulty would be to know where to stop, since this is the only division of sea literature where there is anything like an embarrassment of riches ; and so one would be confronted with the alternatives of an inadequate and unrepresentative selection from the available material,

or of one so large as to upset the whole balance of the book. Lastly, the majority of such poems, good and bad alike, have been written by landsmen for landsmen, and hence have naturally no place in a sea chest, especially one whose contents are primarily intended to deal with the Merchant Service, which has hitherto escaped the attention of the anthologist to a far greater degree than its sister, the Royal Navy.

And finally I may add that copyright difficulties are responsible for the omission of certain passages which I should much have liked to include, from the writings of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. John Masefield, and the late Mr. Joseph Conrad. To those contemporary authors who have allowed me to use passages from their works, whose courtesy is acknowledged in detail elsewhere, I hereby tender my sincerest thanks.

II

In the early literature of seafaring peoples, the ship, as one would naturally expect, looms fairly large. Thus, the Irish shenachie

had his tales of the voyagings of Maeldune, the Arab story-teller his history of the adventure of Sindbad, the Norse sagaman his chants of the deeds of Beowulf and Leif the Lucky and Eric the Red ; while among the seafaring Greeks, whose epithet of 'horse-taming' may have been meant to apply to their conquest of the white steeds of Poseidon as much as to any equestrian feats upon dry land, Homer, or that conglomeration of wandering bards we know by that name, was no doubt always sure of an appreciative hearing when he treated his audience to some exploit of that shrewd shipmaster who was such a terror for the ladies, whose voyagings had led him far beyond the Pillars of Hercules, and northward to the Land of the Midnight Sun.

And yet, curiously enough, this early literature gives only the most vague idea of the appearance of the ship of the period or the precise manner of her navigation. The reason is, however, perhaps not far to seek. The early minstrel, sagaman, balladmonger, story-teller, was a story-teller first and last. His art was narrative and

dramatic, and descriptive writing as we know it to-day had no place in it. His listeners did not want him to describe a ship of the period; could not they see one for themselves any day in the week? Hence it comes about that, except for a few conventional epithets, early literature is, on the whole, very uninformative from the technical standpoint. One of the most detailed passages in the Odyssey is that which tells of the building of the boat on Calypo's isle, a passage, by the way, which reveals Homer either as a thoroughgoing spinner of tall yarns or as a person with no knowledge of shipbuilding. Compare this passage with that of the building of the canoe in *Captain Singleton*, and there can be no doubt which rings the truer.

To the Hebrews the sea was always an alien and a hostile element. Noah may have been one of the world's first recorded shipbuilders, but he was assuredly both builder and navigator of necessity rather than of choice; and here again the Biblical specifications are disappointingly vague, leaving it exceedingly doubtful whether the

craft he commanded was on the lines of the glorified house-boat once familiar in every nursery, or really a kind of shallow draught three-decked cattle boat. In the days of King Solomon the Hebrew was, it is true, a merchant and a shipowner; but it was the shellbacks of Tyre who sailed his ships for him. Jonah was a passenger: and not, one fancies, a very popular passenger at that. And the Preacher, when he numbers 'the way of a ship in the midst of the sea' among the things which are too wonderful for him, only bears out the ancient sailor tradition which looks upon a Jew at sea in any other capacity than that of a passenger as very much of a *rara avis*.

The Romans, again, were never at heart a seafaring people as the Greeks were. It is true they excelled in sea warfare, as they did in everything they took in hand, but they always impress one as artificial sailors, so to speak, more than real born sailormen; and the voyagings of pious Aeneas, when all is said, are but the pale shadow of the wanderings of Odysseus. In Catullus's address to his galley, however, we have one of the

ship poems which are for all time, and its simple and human appeal must surely touch a responsive chord in the breast of any small yacht enthusiast of the present day.

Throughout the Middle Ages we find the ship, generally speaking, sadly neglected in literature. Those were the days of chivalry, of the great chivalric romances of Arthur and Charlemagne and the Cid Campeador, of *Orlando Furioso* and *Jerusalem Delivered*. Young adventure fed upon dreams of Crusaders and paynims, of errant knights and fayre ladies; and no doubt the difficulty, still lamented by purveyors of sea fiction at the present time, of working a love interest into a nautical yarn, had even at that early date, made itself felt. Accordingly, the literature of the period provides very few noteworthy passages of sea interest; among the few being Chaucer's description of the 'schipman' from Dartmouth, and that intensely amusing account of the sufferings of the pilgrims bound for Compostella, which shows so remarkable a resemblance to Thomas Bewick's experiences

when bound to London from Newcastle some five centuries later.

One of the most interesting, as well as one of the most detailed early descriptions of a ship is Ser Marco Polo's account of a Chinese merchant vessel, which seems to indicate, not only a remarkably high standard of comfort for passengers, but also that the Chinese shipbuilder had evolved the principle of collision bulkheads long before such an idea had presented itself to the Western world.

III

It is not until the days of the Tudors that the ship and the seaman again begin to bulk big in our literature. That period, however, does its noble best to atone for the neglect of the preceding five centuries. True, we have no sea epic, no modern Odyssey, of the deeds of Drake and Hawkins and their fellows, save such as all who run may read in the blunt phrases of the adventurers themselves, gathered together by 'industrious Hakluyt'. But there is hardly a

play, hardly a poem of those times which does not echo the talk of new seas and new lands which filled every mouth. The theory has been advanced by some authorities that his frequent use of nautical metaphors and references indicate that Shakespeare himself had at some time contrived to sandwich a period at sea among his other multifarious activities; but there seems, as a matter of fact, little reason to see in these passages anything more than a reflection of the widespread interest of Elizabethan England—and in particular Elizabethan London—in the doings of her seamen. In *Antony and Cleopatra*, moreover, we have an instance of a sea term used as no sailor would have been likely to use it, when in the description of Cleopatra's barge—which by the way, would probably have been a good deal more at home upon the waters of Thames than those of Nile—he speaks of 'silken tackle swelling'. Here, the use of the term 'swelling' certainly seems to indicate that 'tackle' is to be taken as a synonym for 'sail' much as the words 'sheet' and 'shroud' are used by

so many writers; whereas the meaning of 'tackle' in Shakespeare's time appears to have been very much the same as that which it bears to-day.

In Mainwaring's *Seaman's Dictionary* we find tackle defined as 'small ropes which run in three parts, having either a pendant with a hook to it or a runner, and at the other end a block and hook to catch hold and heave in goods into the ship'. But, however that may be, the captains, mariners, and sea-cooks of *The Tempest*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *Pericles*, are just as surely portraits drawn from life of the Elizabethan sailor folk with whom Shakespeare must have many a time foregathered in the waterside taverns of Southwark and Redriff, as are his Athenian clowns and Roman mobs of Warwickshire yokels and the commons of London. What more perfect picture could one desire of the nervous passenger and the irascible mariner than the opening scene of *The Tempest*? And what shellback of half a century ago but would recognize the justice of the sailors' complaint in *Pericles* who knew that their ship would not

have any but bad luck as long as a corpse remained on board her? Jonson's and Chapman's *Eastward Ho!* again, gives a wonderfully lively and amusing picture of the life of the Thames waterside of the period, and their yarn-spinning skipper and credulous landlubber have their counterparts in every age.

The seventeenth century found the community preoccupied with troubles of Church and State, to the exclusion of most other interests; and it is not until the dawn of the eighteenth that we find the sea service again to the fore. The century or century and a half which followed may be termed the golden age of our sea literature, for to that period belong a very large proportion of the classics of the subject—Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe* and *Captain Singleton*, Fielding's inimitable *Voyage to Lisbon*, Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, Dana's *Two Years before the Mast*, and one of the most famous poems ever written by a practical seaman, Falconer's *Shipwreck*. Falconer is sadly out of fashion now, but for all that his style is the extreme of eighteenth-century

pomposity, and some of his passages equal in unconscious humour the apocryphal prize poem on King Nebuchadnezzar, there is the soul of truth behind the pseudo-classical trappings in which his characters seem as little at home as Georgian statesmen and admirals in their monumental togas. (Where, for instance, could one find a 'Geordie' mate more aptly portrayed than in the person of 'Rodmond'?). His seamanship, of course, is beyond reproach, and that couplet of his earned the unique distinction of being accepted as one of the axioms of the science, which tells how

> He who seeks the tempest to disarm
> Must never first embrail the lee yard-arm.

Dana's book remains to this day one of the best ever written which deals with a voyage from the forecastle sailor's viewpoint, full as it is of really beautiful descriptive passages—like that on the meeting of the two ships at sea—which are all the more effective by reason of the simple and lucid style in which they are written, vivid and lifelike portraits of ship types, and

explanations of nautical operations which are among the clearest and most convincing I have ever read. To put into words the furling or reefing of a sail is one of the most difficult things in the world; and Dana is one of the few people who has done so with anything approaching success.

To the latter part of the period under consideration belong, again, Marryat's novels, which it is rather the fashion nowadays to despise. No doubt the Captain was not what we should now term a 'highbrow'; but he had a wonderful faculty of observation, coupled with a sense of humour a modicum of which, I cannot help thinking, Herman Melville would have been none the worse for. Melville has enjoyed an immense vogue since someone 'discovered' him not long ago. I read him years since, in his pre-discovery days; and thought then, as I still think, that he could be appallingly turgid at times, and that the glorious plums his books contain are sometimes buried in a sorry deal of indigestible transcendental pudding.

It is surprising how many of the nineteenth

century books and poems about ships hail from America. Longfellow, who to my thinking is sadly under-rated as a poet, no doubt on account of his distressing fondness for anti-climax and his equally distressing partiality for turning his best poems into ponderous allegories, wrote of the sea, whatever his faults in other respects, with real love and knowledge. No contemporary British poet, for instance, ever thought it worth while to write about a builder's yard as Longfellow did in the 'Building of the Ship'. By that time, indeed, there seems to have become firmly established in England that ridiculous convention which regarded the sea as a subject for witticisms about sea-sickness and puns in Hood's worst style. Who in these days would consider the loss of a man's legs in battle a suitable theme for comic verse? The Early Victorian school of sea poetry is a dreary succession of jolly, breeches-hitching tars and conventional songs of the 'billow-pillow' type like that charming little lyric 'A Sailor's Life', by the well-known author Mr. Anon:

Hurrah, hurrah, for the bounding wave,
A sailor's life is the life I crave !
I love to cling to the bending mast,
And hear the voice of the raging blast ;
I love to skim o'er the waters blue,
As wild and free as the wild sea mew !
Hurrah, hurrah ! for the deep blue sea,
A sailor's life is the life for me !

It is an astonishing fact that in the golden age of the sailing vessel, in the days of the China clippers, the Colonies clippers, the Blackwallers and the Black Ballers, hardly any imaginative writer of the first water thought it worth while to write about them. There are, of course, a few exceptions. There is, for example, Dickens's account of the storm, and of the sailing of the emigrant ship ; and there is his portrait of Captain Cuttle. I venture, not without trepidation, to disagree with so eminent a Dickensian as Mr. G. K. Chesterton when he numbers Cuttle among Dickens's failures. He may be a caricature ; which of Dickens's characters is not to some extent a caricature ? But he is certainly a caricature of a real type—the kind of simple-minded, gullible seafaring

man, believing profoundly in his own worldly acumen and knowledge of human nature, who continues to carry on even into the days of steam the tradition of the disastrous results of a sailor's going into business.

It has been reserved for the present decade to witness an astonishing revival in sailing ship literature only comparable to that which distinguished the age of the Tudors. It differs from that renascence, however, in one very important respect: for whereas that marked the dawn of an era, this marks its evening. It is therefore not without a mortuary sadness of its own and, with it, a tendency to sentimental retrospect which inclines at times to forsake unduly the paths of sober reality. But at least the closing years of sail will not remain unchronicled; and the only fear is lest a hundred years hence not a scarcity, but a glut of material, should confront the future compiler of another Sea Chest.

IN PRAISE OF SEAFARING

. . . What a glorious monument of human invention ; that has thus triumphed over wind and wave ; has brought the ends of the world into communion ; has established an interchange of blessings, pouring into the sterile regions of the north all the luxuries of the south ; has diffused the light of knowledge, and the charities of cultivated life : and has thus bound together those scattered portions of the human race, between which nature seemed to have thrown an insurmountable barrier.

WASHINGTON IRVING :
The Sketch Book

Ships, ships, I will descrie you
Amidst the main ;
I will come and try you,
What you are protecting,
And projecting,
What's your end and aim.

One goes abroad for merchandize and trading,
Another stays to keep his country from invading,
A third is coming home with rich and wealthy lading,
Hallo ! my fancie ! whither wilt thou go ?

OLD POEM

The Navy of England may be divided into three sorts, of which the one serveth for the wars, the other for burden, and the third for fishermen, which get their living by fishing on the sea.

HOLINSHED

Cherish marchandise, keepe the Admiraltie,
That wee bee masters of the narrow sea.
The ende of battle is peace sikerly,
And power causeth peace finally.
Keepe then the sea, about in special,
Which of Englonde is the town wall :
Keepe then the sea, that is the wall of Englonde,
And then is Englonde kept by Goddes hand.

" LIBELL OF ENGLISH POLICY " (*circa* 1436)

THE SECRET OF THE SEA

Ah ! what pleasant visions haunt me
  As I gaze upon the sea !
All the old romantic legends,
  All my dreams come back to me.

Sails of silk and ropes of sendal,
  Such as gleam in ancient lore ;
And the singing of the sailors,
  And the answer from the shore !

Most of all, the Spanish ballad
  Haunts me oft, and tarries long,
Of the noble Count Arnaldos,
  And the sailor's mystic song.

Like the long waves on a sea-beach,
  Where the sand as silver shines,
With a soft monotonous cadence,
  Flow its unrhymed lyric lines.

Telling how the Count Arnaldos
  With his hawk upon his hand,
Saw a fair and stately galley
  Steering onward to the land ;

How he heard the ancient helmsman
  Chant a song so wild and clear,
That the sailing sea-bird slowly
  Poised upon the mast to hear,

Till his soul was full of longing
  And he cried, with impulse strong,
' Helmsman ! for the love of heaven,
  Teach me, too, that wondrous song ! '

' Wouldst thou,' so the helmsman answered,
  ' Learn the secret of the sea ?
Only those who brave its dangers
  Comprehend its mystery ! '

In each sail that skims the horizon,
  In each landward-blowing breeze,
I behold that stately galley,
  Hear those mournful melodies ;

Till my soul is full of longing,
  For the secret of the sea,
And the heart of the great ocean
  Sends a thrilling pulse through me.

LONGFELLOW

THE SEAMAN'S COMPASS

As lately I travelled
  Towards Gravesend,
I heard a fair Damosel
  A Seaman commend,
And as in a Tilt-boat
  We passed along,
In praise of brave Seamen
  She sung this new song.
Come tradesman or merchant,
  Whoever he be,
There's none but a Seaman
  Shall marry with me!

A Seaman in promise
  Is faithful and just:
Honest in carriage
  And true to his trust,
Kinde in behaviour,
  And constant in love,
Is firm in affection
  As the turtle-dove:

Valiant in action
In every degree,
There's none but a Seaman
Shall marry with me!

Moreover I'd have you
For to understand
That seamen brings treasure
And profit to land.
Above and beneath ground
For wealth they have sought,
And when they have found it
To England 'tis brought,
With hazard of lives
By experience we see:
And none but a Seaman
Shall marry with me!

Seamen from beyond seas
Bring silver and gold,
With pearls and rich jewels
Most rare to behold;
With silks and rich velvets
Their credits to save,
Or else you gay ladies
Could not go so brave.

This makes my heart merry
As merry may be :
And none but a Seaman
Shall marry with me !

The Seaman brings spices
And sugar so fine,
Which serve the brave gallants
To drink with their wine :
With Lemons and Oranges
All of the best,
To relish their Pallates
When they make a feast ;
Sweet Figs, Prunes and Raysins
By them brought home be,
And none but a Seaman
Shall marry with me !

To comfort poor people
The Seamen do strive
And brings in maintenance
To keep them alive,
As raw silk and cotton wool,
To card and to spin,
And so by their labour
Their livings comes in.

Most men are beholding
To seamen we see,
With none but a Seaman
I married will be!

God bless all brave Sea-men
From quicksands and rocks,
From loss of their blood,
And from enemies' knocks,
From lightning and thunder
And tempests so strong,
From shipwrack and drowning
And all other wrong.
And they that to these words
Will not say Amen,
'Tis pitty that they should
E'er speak word again!

OLD BALLAD

THE WAY OF A SHIP

There be three things which are too wonderful for me, yea, four which I know not :

The way of an eagle in the air ; the way of a serpent upon a rock ; the way of a ship in the midst of the sea ; and the way of a man with a maid.

PROVERBS XXX

'THEY THAT GO DOWN TO THE SEA'

Such as in ships and brittle barks
into the seas descend,
Their merchandise through fearful floods
to compass and to end ;
These men are forced to behold
the Lord's works what they be ;
And in the dangerous deep the same
most marvellous they see.

For at his word the stormy wind
ariseth in a rage ;
And stirreth up the surges so,
as nought can them asswage.
Then are they lifted up so high,
the clouds they seem to gain ;
And plunging down the depth, untill
their souls consume with pain.

And like a drunkard to and fro
now here now there they reel,
As men which are of wit bereft,
or had of sense no feel.
Then they did cry in their distresse
unto the Lord for aid ;
Who did remove their troublous state
according as they praid.

For with his word the Lord doth make
the sturdy stormes to cease ;
So that the great waves from their rage
are brought to rest and peace.
Then are men glad when rest is come,
which they so much did crave ;
And are by him to haven brought
which they so faine would have.

PSALM cvii (Sternhold and Hopkins)

TO THE LORD OF SEA AND LAND

This ship to thee, O king of sea and sovereign of land, I Crantas dedicate, this ship wet no longer, a feather tossed by the wandering winds whereon many a time I dreamed in my terror that I drove to death ; now, renouncing all, fear and hope, sea and storm, I have planted my foot securely upon earth.

MACEDONIUS : Trans. Professor Mackail

ICE

At twelve o'clock we went below and had just got through dinner, when the cook put his head down the scuttle, and told us to come on deck and see the finest sight that we had ever seen. ' Where away, cook ? ' asked the first man who was up. ' On the larboard bow.' And there lay, floating in the ocean, several miles off, an immense irregular mass, its top and points

covered with snow, and its centre of a deep indigo colour. This was an iceberg, and of the largest size. As far as the eye could reach the sea in every direction was of a deep blue colour, the waves running high and fresh, and sparkling in the light; and in the midst lay this immense mountain-island, its cavities and valleys thrown into deep shade, and its points and pinnacles glittering in the sun. But no description can give any idea of the strangeness, splendour and really, the sublimity of the sight. Its great size—for it must have been from two or three miles in circumference, and several hundred feet in height; its slow motion, as its base rose and sank in the water, and its high points nodded against the clouds; the dashing of the waves upon it, which, breaking high with foam, lined its base with a white crust; and the thundering sound of the cracking of the mass, and the breaking and tumbling down of huge pieces; together with its nearness and approach, which added a slight element of fear—all combined to give it the character of true sublimity. The

main body of the mass was, as I have said, of an indigo colour, its base crusted with frozen foam, and as it grew thin and transparent towards the edges and top, its colour shaded off from a deep blue to the whiteness of snow.

DANA: *Two Years Before the Mast*

A WATERSPOUT IN THE STRAITS OF MALACCA

The one and twentieth of October our shippes returned out of the Straights of Malacca for Achem, where by the way a great spout of water came powring out of the Heauens and fell not farre from our ship, which we feared much. For these spouts come powring downe like a riuer of water, so that if they should light in any ship she were in danger to be presently sunck downe into the sea: it falleth with such an extreme violence, all whole together as one drop, or as water poured out of a vessel: and sometimes dureth a quarter of an howre together, so that the sea

boyleth with froth of an exceeding height by the violence of the fall of the spoute.

PURCHAS : *Sir James Lancaster's Voyage to the East Indies*

DISPERSING A WATERSPOUT BY GUNFIRE

Upon the larboard quarter they descry
A liquid column towering shoot on high ;
The foaming base the angry whirlwinds sweep,
Where curling billows rouse the fearful deep,
Still round and round the fluid vortex flies,
Diffusing briny vapours o'er the skies.
This vast phenomenon, whose lofty head
In heaven immersed, embracing clouds o'erspread,
In spiral motion first, as seamen deem,
Swells, when the raging whirlwind sweeps the stream.
The swift volution, and the enormous train,
Let sages versed in Nature's lore explain.
The horrid apparition still draws nigh,

And white with foam the whirling billows fly,
The guns were primed : the vessel northward veers,
Till her black battery on the column bears ;
The nitre fired ; and while the dreadful sound
Convulsive shook the slumbering air around,
The watery volume trembling to the sky,
Burst down a dreadful deluge from on high !

FALCONER : *The Shipwreck*

HOVE-TO UNDER REEFED SPANKER

At last to furl the courses they consent ;
That done, to reef the mizzen next agree,
And try beneath it sidelong in the sea.
Now down the mast the yard they lower away,
Then jears and topping lift secure belay ;
The head, with doubling canvas fenced around,
In balance near the lofty peak they bound ;
The reef enwrapped, the inserted knittles tied,
The halyards throat and peak are next applied—

The order given, the yard aloft they swayed,
The brails relaxed, the extended sheet belayed ;
The helm its post forsook, and, lashed a-lee,
Inclined the wayward prow to front the sea.

FALCONER : *The Shipwreck*

WORKING TO WINDWARD

. . . We saw the *Ayacucho* standing athwart our bows, sharp upon the wind, cutting through the head sea like a knife, with her raking masts, and sharp bows running up like the head of a greyhound.

DANA : *Two Years Before the Mast*

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S FIRST VOYAGE

The ship had no sooner got out of the Humber, than the wind began to blow, and the waves to rise, in a most frightful manner ; and as I had never been at sea before, I was most inexpressibly sick in body, and terrified in mind ; I began now seriously to reflect upon what I had done, and how justly I was

overtaken by the judgment of Heaven, for wickedly leaving my father's house. . . . All this while the storm increased, and the sea, which I had never been upon before, went very high, though nothing like what have seen many times since ; no, nor what I saw a few days after ; but, such as it was, enough to affect me then, who was but a young sailor, and had never known anything of the matter. I expected every wave would have swallowed us up, and that every time the ship fell down, as I thought, in the trough or hollow of the sea, we should never rise more ; and in this agony of mind I made many vows and resolutions, that if it would please God to spare my life this voyage, if ever I got my feet once on dry land, I would go directly home to my father, and never set it into a ship again while I lived ; that I would take his advice, and never run myself into such miseries as these any more. . . .

These wise and sober thoughts continued during the storm, and indeed some time after ; but the next days as the wind was abated, and the sea calmer, I began to be a little inured to it. However, I was very

grave that day, being also a little sea-sick still; but towards night the weather cleared up, the wind was quite over and a charming fine evening followed; the sun went down perfectly clear, and rose the next morning; and having little or no wind, and a smooth sea, the sun shining upon it, the sight was, as I thought, the most delightful that I ever saw.

DEFOE: *Robinson Crusoe*

FURLING TOPSAILS

Fierce and more fierce the gathering tempest grew,
South, and by west, the threatening demon blew;
The ship no longer can her topsails spread,
And every hope of fairer skies is fled.
Bowlines and halyards are cast off again,
Clewlines hauled down, and sheets let fly amain:
Embrailed each topsail, and by braces squared,
The seamen climb aloft and man each yard;

They furled the sails, and pointed to the wind
The yards, by rolling tackles then confined ;
While o'er the ship the gallant boatswain flies—
Like a hoarse mastiff through the storm he cries.
Prompt to direct the unskilful still appears,
The expert he praises, and the timid cheers.
Now some, to strike topgallant yards attend,
Some, travellers up the weather backstays send,
At each mast-head the top ropes others bend.
The parrels, lifts, and clewlines soon are gone,
Topped and unrigged they down the backstays run ;
The yards secure along the booms were laid,
And all the flying ropes aloft belayed.

FALCONER : *The Shipwreck*

PADDY DOYLE'S BOOTS

FURLING SHANTY

To my way-ay-ah-yah—
We'll pay Paddy Doyle for his *boots* !

We'll all drink brandy and rum—
And pay Paddy Doyle for his *boots* !

We'll all shave under the chin—
And pay Paddy Doyle for his *boots* !

We'll all throw dirt at the cook—
And pay Paddy Doyle for his *boots* !

UNMOORING

. . . A thundering sound
He hears, and thrice the hollow decks rebound ;
Up starting from his couch on deck he sprung,
Thrice with shrill note the boatswains, whistle rung :
' All hands unmoor ! ' proclaims a boisterous cry,
' All hands unmoor ! ' the caverned rocks reply.
Roused from repose aloft the sailors swarm,
And with their levers soon the windlass arm :

The order given, up springing with a bound
They fix the bars, and heave the windlass round,
At every turn the clanging pauls resound :
Uptorn reluctant from its oozy cave
The ponderous anchor rises o'er the wave.
High on the slippery masts the yards ascend.
And far abroad the canvas wings extend.

FALCONER : *The Shipwreck*

SPRING ON THE COAST

Now is the season of sailing ; for already the chattering swallows come and the pleasant west wind ; the meadows flower, and the sea, tossed up with waves and rough blasts, has sunk to silence. Weigh thine anchor and unloose thine hawsers, O mariner, and sail with all thy canvas set : this I Priapus of the harbour bid thee, O man, that thou mayest sail forth to all thy trafficking.

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM : Trans. Professor Mackail.

SHIPPING IT GREEN

The boats beneath the thundering deluge broke ;
Torn from their planks the cracking ring-bolts drew,
And gripes and lashings all asunder flew ;
Companion, binnacle, in floating wreck,
With compasses and glasses strewed the deck :
The balanced mizzen, rending to the head,
In fluttering fragments from its bolt-rope fled ;
The sides convulsive shook on groaning beams,
And, rent with labour, yawned their pitchy seams.

FALCONER : *The Shipwreck*

SHIPS THAT PASS

About six bells, that is, three o'clock p.m., we saw a sail on our larboard bow. I was very anxious, like every new sailor, to speak

her. She came down to us, backed her main-topsail, and the two vessels stood 'head on', bowing and curveting at each other like a couple of war-horses reined in by their riders. It was the first vessel that I had seen near, and I was surprised to find how much she rolled and plunged in so quiet a sea. She plunged her head into the sea, and then, her stern settling gradually down, her huge bows rose up, showing the bright copper, and her stern and breast-hooks dripping with the brine. Her decks were filled with passengers, who had come up at the the cry of 'Sail ho!' and who by their dress and features appeared to be Swiss and French emigrants.

DANA: *Two Years Before the Mast*

SMALL CRAFT

. . . Argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,

That curtsy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

SHAKESPEARE : *Merchant of Venice,* Act I, SC. I.

AN EIGHTEEN MONTHS' VOYAGE

Thrice had the sun, to rule the varying year,
Across the equator rolled his flaming sphere,
Since last the vessel spread her ample sail
From Albion's coast, obsequious to the gale ;
She o'er the spacious flood, from shore to shore,
Unwearying wafted her commercial store ;
The richest ports of Afric she had viewed
Thence to fair Italy her course pursued ;
Had left behind Trinacria's burning isle,
And visited the margin of the Nile ;
And now that winter deepens round the pole,
The circling voyage hastens to its goal.

FALCONER : *The Shipwreck*

A CONTRAST

How like a younker or a prodigal
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,

Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind :
How like the prodigal doth she return,
With over-weathered ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind !

Merchant of Venice, Act II, sc. 6

PUNISHMENT OF SEAMEN IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES II

A capstan barr being thrust through the hole of a barrell, the offenders armes are extended to the full length, and soe made faste untoe the barr croswise, having sometimes a basket of bullets, or some other the like weighte, hanginge abowte his necke, in which posture he continues until he is made either to confesse some plotte or cryme whereof he is pregnantly suspected, or that he have received such condigne sufferings as he is sentenced to undergoe by command of the captaine. The punishment of the bilboes is when a delinquent is putt in irons, or in a kinde of stocks used for that purpose, the which are more or lesse heavy and pinching as the quality of the offence is

proved against the delinquent. The ducking att the mayne yarde arme is, when a malefactor, by having a rope fastened under his armes and about his myddle and under his breatche, is thus hoysted upp to the end of the yarde; from whence hee is againe vyolentlie lett fall intoe the sea, sometymes twise, sometimes three severall times on after another; and if the offense be very fowle, he is alsoe drawne under the verye keele of the shippe, the which is termed keele haling; and whilst hee is thus under water a great gunn is given fire righte over his head; the which is done as well toe astonishe him the more with the thunder thereof, which much troubleth him, as toe give warning untoe all others toe look out and toe beware by his harmes.

HARLEIAN MSS.

A SHIP SEEN FROM THE JIB-BOOM

Out on the far end of the jib-boom,
Away from the ship, and outside the world,
Alone with the gale, the sea and the sky, I watched

While she foamed along, leaning from the brave wind
Two points free on the port beam.
And looking up at the full canvas of the fore-royal,
And the flying jib straining alee the top-gallant stay,
I thought, ' Behold how the sun
Glances on the sails and makes rainbows in the spray.'
The wind shook in my hair.
And now high, now down low over the white horses
I swooped and hovered.
Ever in my ears roared the bow-wave
And pattered the water-drops blown ahead along the sea,
As the cutwater swung high into the air,
And then plunged crashing onwards and down.
I thought, ' A ship is a very beautiful thing,
Wrought by man's hands indeed,
But beloved of God for its beauty.'

H. G. Dixey

REEFING TOPSAILS FOR A SQUALL

A squall deep lowering blots the southern sky,
Before whose boisterous breath the waters fly :
Its weight the topsails can no more sustain—
' Reef topsails, reef ! ' the master calls again.
The halyards and top-bowlines soon are gone,
To clew-lines and reef-tackles next they run :
The shivering sails descend ; the yards are square ;
Then quick aloft the ready crew repair :
The weather-earings, and the lee, they passed,
The reefs enrolled, and every point made fast.

FALCONER : *The Shipwreck*

When the rain's before the wind,
Topsail halliards you must mind :
When the wind's before the rain,
You may set your sails again.

OLD SEA SAYING

CONCERNING ANCHORS

The sorts of Anchors, which by occasion of their several uses receive different names and appellations, are : first, a Kedger, which is the smallest, which by reason of the lightness is fittest to stop the ship in kedging down a river ; the next a stream anchor, which we use in deep waters to stop a tide withal in fair weather. The others they call by the name of the first, second or third anchor, all these being such as the ship may ride to in any reasonable weather, sea-gate or tide, These are somewhat bigger one than another, and usually when they sail in any Straits or are near a Port, they carry two of these at the Bow. In which respect they are also called by the name of the first, second, or third Bowers. The other, which is the biggest, and that which the seamen call their last hope, and is never used but in great extremity, is called the Sheet Anchor ; this is the true Anchora Spei, for this is their last refuge.

SIR HENRY MAINWARING : *Seaman's Dictionary*

CHRISTMAS AT SEA

Again the Ghost sped on, above the black and heaving sea—on, on—until, being far away from any shore, they lighted on a ship. They stood beside the helmsman at the wheel, the look-out in the bow, the officers who had the watch; dark, ghostly figures in their several stations; but every man among them hummed a Christmas tune, or had a Christmas thought, or spoke below his breath to his companion of some bygone Christmas Day, with homeward hopes belonging to it. And every man on board, waking or sleeping, good or bad, had had a kinder word for another on that day than on any day in the year; and had shared to some extent in its festivities; and had remembered those he cared for at a distance, and had known that they delighted to remember him.

DICKENS: *A Christmas Carol*

SHIP'S COMPANY

A SEAMAN OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY

A shipman was there, wonning far by weste :
For ought I wot, he was of Dertemouthe.
He rode upon a rouncy as he couthe,
In a gowne of faldying to the knee.
A dagger hanging on a laas hadde he
Aboute his necke under his arm adoun.
The hot summer had made his hue al broun ;
And certainly he was a good felawe.
Full many a draught of wine had he drawe
From Burdeaux-ward, while that the chapman sleep.
Of nice conscience took he no keep.
If that he fought, and hadde the higher hand,
By water he sente hem hoome to every land.
But of his craft to reckon well the tydes,
His streams, and his dangers him besides,
His harbourage, and his moone, his lodemenage,
There was none such from Hulle to Carthage.
Hardy he was, and wise to undertake :

With many a tempest had his beard been
shake.
He knew well all the havens, as they were,
From Scotland to the Cape of Finistere,
And every creek in Bretayne and in Spayne :
His barge y-cleped was the ' Magdelayne '.

CHAUCER : *Canterbury Tales*

PORTRAIT OF A SHIPMASTER

The stately ship, with all her daring band,
To skilful Albert owned the chief command ;
Though trained in boisterous elements, his
mind
Was yet by soft humanity refined ;
Each joy of wedded love at home he knew,
Abroad, confest the father of his crew !
Brave, liberal, just ! the calm domestic scene
Had o'er his temper breathed a gay serene :
Him science taught by mystic lore to trace
The planets wheeling in eternal race ;
To mark the ship in floating balance held,
By earth attracted, and by seas repelled ;
Or point her devious track through climes
unknown
That leads to every shore and every zone.

He saw the moon through heaven's blue
concave glide,
And into motion charm the expanding tide,
While earth impetuous round her axle rolls,
Exalts her watery zone, and sinks the poles ;
Light and attraction, from their genial
source,
He saw still wandering with diminished force,
While on the margin of declining day
Night's shadowy cone reluctant melts away.
Inured to peril, with unconquered soul,
The chief beheld tempestuous oceans roll :
O'er the wild surge, when dismal shades
preside,
His equal skill the lonely bark could guide ;
His genius, ever for the event prepared,
Rose with the storm, and all its dangers
shared.

FALCONER : *The Shipwreck*

A SAILOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

Bred, almost born, on board a smuggling cutter, in the old war-time ; then hunting, in the old coast-blockade service, the smugglers among whom he had been

trained; watching the slow horrors of the Walcheron; fighting under Collingwood and Nelson, and many another valiant Captain; lounging away years of temptation on the West-Indian station, as sailing-master of a ship of the line, pensioned comfortably now for many a year in his native town, he had been always the same gentle, valiant, righteous man; sober in life, strict in duty, and simple in word; a soul as transparent as crystal, and as pure.

C. KINGSLEY: *Two Years Ago*

—AND ANOTHER

No child could have surpassed Captain Cuttle in inexperience of everything but wind and weather; in simplicity, credulity, and generous trustfulness. Faith, hope, and charity shared his whole nature among them. An odd sort of romance, perfectly unimaginative, yet perfectly unreal, and subject to no considerations of worldly prudence or practicability, was the only partner they had in his character.

DICKENS: *Dombey and Son*

—AND STILL ANOTHER

The captain, whose fortune it was to stow us aboard, laid a further claim to this appellation than the bare command of a vehicle of conveyance. He had been the captain of a privateer, which he looked upon as being in the King's service ; and in this capacity he had gained great honour, having distinguished his bravery in some very warm engagements, for which he had justly received public thanks ; and from hence he derived a right of hoisting the military ornament of a cockade over the button of his hat, and of wearing a sword of no ordinary length.

FIELDING : *A Voyage to Lisbon*

THE QUAKER AFLOAT

I. CAPTAIN BILDAD

For a pious man, especially for a Quaker, he was certainly rather hard-hearted, to say the least. He never used to swear, though, at his men, they said ; but somehow he got an inordinate quantity of cruel,

unmitigated hard work out of them. When Bildad was a chief mate, to have his drab-coloured eye intently looking at you, made you completely nervous, till you could clutch something—a hammer or a marling-spike, and go to work like mad, at something or other, never mind what. Indolence and idleness perished from before him. His own person was the exact embodiment of his utilitarian character. On his long, gaunt body, he carried no spare flesh, no superfluous beard, his chin having a soft, economical nap to it, like the worn nap of his broadbrimmed hat.

MELVILLE: *Moby Dick*

II. WILLIAM

We had one very merry fellow here, a Quaker, whose name was William Walters, whom we took out of a sloop bound from Pennsylvania to Barbados. He was a surgeon, and they called him doctor; but he was not employed in the sloop as a surgeon but was going to Barbados to get a berth,

as the sailors call it. However, he had all his surgeon's chests on board, and we made him go with us, and take all his own implements with him. He was a comic fellow indeed, a man of very solid sense, and an excellent surgeon ; but, what was worth all, very good-humoured and pleasant in his conversation, and a bold, stout, brave fellow too, as any we had among us.

I found William, as I thought, not very averse to go along with us, and yet resolved to do it so that it might be apparent he was taken away by force, and to this purpose he comes to me. 'Friend,' says he, 'thou sayest I must go with thee, and it is not in my power to resist thee if I would ; but I desire thou wilt oblige the master of the sloop which I am on board to certify under his hand, that I was taken away by force and against my will.' And this he said with so much satisfaction in his face, that I could not but understand him. 'Ay, ay,' says I, 'whether it be against your will or no, I'll make him and all the men give you a certificate of it, or I'll take them all along with us, and keep them till they do.' So I drew up a

certificate myself wherein I wrote that he was taken away by main force, as a prisoner by a pirate ship; that they carried away his chest and instruments first, and then bound his hands behind him and forced him into their boat, and this was signed by the master and all his men. Accordingly I fell a-swearing at him, and called to my men to tie his hands behind him, and so we put him into our boat and carried him away. When I had him on board, I called him to me. 'Now, friend,' says I, 'I have brought you away by force, it is true, but I am not of the opinion I have brought you away so much against your will as they imagine. Come,' says I, 'you will be a useful man to us, and you shall have very good usage among us.' So I unbound his hands, and first ordered all things that belonged to him to be restored to him, and our captain gave him a dram.

'Thou hast dealt friendly by me,' says he, 'and I will be plain with thee, whether I came willingly to thee or not. I shall make myself as useful to thee as I can, but thou knowest it is not my business to meddle when

thou art to fight.' 'No, no,' says the captain, 'but you may meddle a little when we share the money,' 'Those things are useful to furnish a surgeon's chest,' says William, and smiled, 'but I shall be moderate.'

In short, William was a most agreeable companion, but he had the better of us in this part, that if we were taken we were sure to be hanged, and he was sure to escape; and he knew it well enough. But, in short, he was a sprightly fellow, and fitter to be captain than any of us.

DEFOE: *Captain Singleton*

SECOND MATE OF A NEW BEDFORD WHALER

Stubb was the second mate. He was a native of Cape Cod, and hence, according to local usage, was called a Cape-Cod-man. A happy-go-lucky: neither craven nor valiant, taking perils as they came with an indifferent air; and while engaged in the most imminent crisis of the chase, toiling away, calm and collected as a journey-

man joiner engaged for the year. Good-humoured, easy, and careless, he presided over his whale-boat as if the most deadly encounter were but a dinner, and his crew all invited guests. He was as particular about the comfortable arrangement of his part of the boat, as an old stage-driver is about the snugness of his box. When close to the whale, in the very death-lock of the fight, he handled his unpitying lance coolly and off-handedly, as a whistling tinker his hammer. He would hum over his old rigadig tunes while flank and flank with the most exasperated monster. Long usage had, for this Stubb, converted the jaws of death into an easy chair. What he thought of death itself, there is no telling. Whether he ever thought of it at all, might be a question ; but, if he ever did chance to cast his mind that way after a comfortable dinner, no doubt, like a good sailor, he took it to be a sort of call of the watch to tumble aloft, and bestir themselves there, about something which he would find out when he obeyed the order, and not sooner.

MELVILLE : *Moby Dick*

SAILS

The sailmaker was the head man of the watch, and was generally considered the most experienced seaman on board. He was a thorough-bred old man-o'war's-man, had been to sea twenty-two years in all kinds of vessels—men-of-war, privateers, slavers, and merchantmen—everything except whalers, which a thorough sailor despises and will always steer clear of if he can. He had, of course, been in all parts of the world, and was remarkable for drawing a longbow. His yarns frequently stretched through a watch, and kept all hands awake. They were always amusing from their improbability, and, indeed, he never expected to be believed, but spun them merely for amusement ; and as he had some humour and a good supply of man-of-war slang and sailor's salt phrases he always made fun.

DANA : *Two Years Before the Mast*

JACK OF ALL TRADES

The captain . . . had a pretty young fellow on board, who acted as his surgeon, as I found he likewise did as steward, cook, butler, sailor. In short, he had as many offices, as Scrub in the play, and went through them all with great dexterity.

FIELDING: *A Voyage to Lisbon*

DRAKE AND THE CHILD

The Dragon that o'er Seas did raise his Crest
And brought back heapes of gold unto his nest,
Unto his foes more terrible than thunder,
Glory of his age, after-ages wonder,
Excelling all those that have excelled before:
It's fear'd we shall have none such any more:
Effecting all he sole did undertake,
Valiant, just, wise, milde, honest, Godly Drake.
This man when I was little I did meete
As he was walking up Totnes long street.
He ask'd me whose I was? I answer'd him.
He ask'd me if his good friend were within?

A faire red Orange in his hand he had,
He gave it me whereof I was right glad,
Takes and kist me, and prayes 'God blesse my boy',
Which I record with comfort to this day.

ROBERT HAYMAN, Bristol Merchant, 1628

DESCRIPTION OF A GEORDIE MATE

A hardy son of England's farthest shore,
Where bleak Northumbria pours her savage train
In sable squadrons o'er the northern main;
That, with her pitchy entrails stored, resort
A sooty tribe to fair Augusta's port:
Where'er in ambush lurk the fatal sands,
They claim the danger, proud of skilful bands;
For while with darkling course their vessels sweep
The winding shore, or plough the faithless deep,
O'er bar and shelf the watery path they sound
With dexterous arm, sagacious of the ground:

Fearless they combat every hostile wind,
Wheeling in many tracks, with course inclined,
Expert to moor where terrors line the road ;
Or win the anchor from its dark abode ;
But drooping, and relaxed, in climes afar ;
Tumultuous and undisciplined in war.
Such Rodmond was : by learning unrefined,
That oft enlightens to corrupt the mind.
Boist'rous of manners ; trained in early youth
To scenes that shame the conscious cheek of truth
To scenes that nature's struggling voice control,
And freeze compassion rising in the soul :
Where the grim hell-hounds prowling round the shore
With foul intent the stranded bark explore ;
Deaf to the voice of woe, her decks they board,
While tardy Justice slumbers o'er her sword.

. . . . .

Thus Rodmond, trained by this unhallowed crew,

The sacred social passions never knew.
Unskilled to argue, in dispute yet loud,
Bold without caution, without honours proud:
In art unschooled, each veteran rule he prized,
And all improvement haughtily despised.
Yet, though full oft to future perils blind,
With skill superior glowed his daring mind,
Through snares of death the reeling bark to guide,
When midnight shades involve the raging tide.

FALCONER: *The Shipwreck*

A PILOT IN AN ILL HUMOUR

Of all the petty bashaws, or turbulent tyrants I ever beheld, this sour-faced pilot was the worst-tempered; for, during the time that he had the guidance of the ship, which was till he arrived in the Downs, he complied with no one's desires, nor did he give a civil word, or, indeed, a civil look to any on board.

FIELDING: *A Voyage to Lisbon*

THE SAILOR'S WAY

Alternate change of climates has he known,
And felt the fierce extremes of either zone ;
Where polar skies congeal the eternal snow,
Or equinoctial suns for ever glow,
Smote by the freezing or the scorching blast,
' A ship-boy on the high and giddy mast.'
From regions where Peruvian billows roar,
To the bleak coasts of savage Labrador ;
From where Damascus, pride of Asian plains !
Stoops her proud neck beneath tyrannic chains,
To where the Isthmus, laved by adverse tides,
Atlantic and Pacific seas divides.

FALCONER : *The Shipwreck*

A SWITZER AT SEA

The honesty and freedom of the Switzer, his vivacity, in which he was in no respect inferior to his near neighbours the French, the awkward and affected politeness, which was likewise of French extraction, mixed with the brutal roughness of the English

tar (for he had served under the colours of this nation, and his crew had been of the same) made such an odd variety, such a hotch-potch of character, that I should have been much diverted with him, had not his voice, which was as loud as a speaking trumpet, made my head ake.

FIELDING: *A Voyage to Lisbon*

ENTER CAPTAIN CUTTLE

An addition to the little party now made its appearance, in the shape of a gentleman in a wide suit of blue, with a hook instead of a hand attached to his right wrist; very bushy black eyebrows; and a thick stick in his left hand, covered all over (like his nose) with knobs. He wore a loose black silk handkerchief round his neck, and such a very large coarse shirt-collar, that it looked like a small sail. He was evidently the person for whom the spare wine-glass was intended, and evidently knew it; for, having taken off his rough outer coat, and hung up, on a particular peg behind the door, such a hard glazed hat as a sympathetic

person's head might ache at the sight of, and which left a red rim round his own forehead as if he had been wearing a tight basin, he brought a chair to where the clean glass was, and sat himself down behind it. He was usually addressed as Captain, this visitor ; and had been a pilot, or a skipper, or a privateer's-man, or all three perhaps ; and was a very salt-looking man indeed.

DICKENS : *Dombey and Son*

JOHN STEADIMAN, CHIEF MATE

John Steadiman had sailed with me four voyages. The first voyage John was third mate out to China, and came home second. The other three voyages he was my first officer. At this time of chartering the ' Golden Mary,' he was aged thirty-two. A brisk, bright, blue-eyed fellow, a very neat figure and rather under the middle size, never out of the way and never in it, a face that pleased everybody and that all children took to, a habit of going about singing as cheerily as a blackbird, and a perfect sailor.

We were in one of those Liverpool Hackney

coaches in less than a minute, and we cruised about in her upwards of an hour, looking for John. John had come home from Van Diemen's Land barely a month before, and I had heard of him as taking a frisk in Liverpool. We asked after him, among many other places, at the two boarding houses he was fondest of, and we found he had had a week's spell at each of them ; but he had gone here and gone there, and had set off ' to lay out on the main-to-gallant-yard of the highest Welsh mountain ' (so he had told the people of the house), and where he might be then, or when he might come back, nobody could tell us. But it was surprising, to be sure, to see how every face brightened the moment there was mention made of the name of Mr. Steadiman.

We were taken aback at meeting with no better luck, and we had wore ship and put her head for my friends, when as we were jogging through the streets, I clap my eyes on John himself coming out of a toyshop. He was carrying a little boy, and conducting two uncommon pretty women to their coach, and he told me afterwards that he

had never seen one of the three before, but that he was so taken with them on looking in at the toyshop while they were buying the child a cranky Noah's Ark, very much down by the head, that he had gone in and asked the ladies' permission to treat him to a tolerably correct Cutter there was in the window, in order that such a handsome boy might not grow up with a lubberly idea of naval architecture.

DICKENS: *The Wreck of the 'Golden Mary'*

A MATE OF THE OLD STYLE

Our old mate was rather too easy with the men, and was as happy as a prince when he had some beer to drink, and a good stock of tobacco. He had two papers of a pound each of shag lying about in his cabin. His quid was about the size of a pigeon's egg, which on going to rest he stuck up in the crevices of his bed place, but was not sufficiently prudent to resume it in the morning, and as those monstrosities increased in number from time to time they were left

behind him as a decorating legacy in the cabin of his successor.

CROSBIE GARSTIN: *Samuel Kelly*

THE SKY PILOT

I

The worthy pastor—
The shepherd of that wandering flock,
That has the ocean for its wold,
That has the vessel for its fold,
Leaping ever from rock to rock—
Spake, with accents mild and clear,
Words of warning, words of cheer.

LONGFELLOW: *The Building of a Ship*

II

. . . In the spring or autumn, quiet Sunday forenoons, I liked to go down early to the quaint ship-cabin-looking church where the old man minister'd—to enter and leisurely scan the building, the low ceiling, everything strongly timber'd, (polish'd and rubb'd apparently), the dark rich colors, the gallery, all in half-light, and smell the aroma of old wood—to watch the auditors, sailors, mates,

matlows, officers, singly or in groups, as they came in—their physiognomies, forms, dress, gait, as they walked along the aisles—their postures, seating themselves in the rude, roomy, undoor'd, uncushioned pews and the evident effect upon them of the place, occasion, and atmosphere. . . .

Father Taylor was a moderate-sized man, indeed almost small (reminded me of old Booth, the great actor, and my favorite of those and preceding days), well advanced in years, but alert, with mild blue or gray eyes and good presence and voice. Soon as he open'd his mouth I ceased to pay any attention to church or audience or pictures or lights and shades; a far more potent charm entirely sway'd me. In the course of the sermon (there was no sign of any MS., or reading from notes), some of the parts would be in the highest degree majestic and picturesque. Colloquial in a severe sense, it often leaned to Biblical and Oriental forms. Especially were all allusions to ships and the ocean and sailors' lives, of unrivalled power and lifelikeness.

WALT WHITMAN: *November Boughs*

A GROUP OF PASSENGERS

KEATS'S VOYAGE TO ITALY

19th September, Tuesday, off Dover Castle

I arose at day break to see the glorious eastern gate—Keats slept till 7—Miss C. was rather ill this morning I prevailed on her to walk the deck with me at half past 6 she recovered much—Keats was still better this morning and Mrs. Pidgeon looked and was the picture of health—but poor me ! I began to feel a waltzing on my stomach at breakfast when I wrote the note to you I was going it most soundly—Miss Cotterell followed me—then Keats who did it in the most gentlemanly manner—and then saucy Mrs. Pidgeon who had been laughing at us—four faces bequeathing to the mighty deep their breakfasts—here I must change to a minor key Miss C. fainted—we soon recovered her—I was very ill nothing but lying down would do for me. Keats ascended his bed—from which he dictated

surgically like Esculapius of old in basse-relieve through him Miss C. was recovered we had a cup of tea each and no more went to bed and slept until it was time to go to bed—we could not get up again—and slept in our clothes all night—Keats and King—not even looking pale.

20th September, Wednesday, off Brighton

Beautiful morning we all breakfasted on deck and recovered as we were could enjoy it—about 10 Keats said a storm was hatching—he was right—the rain came on and we retired to our cabin—it abated and once more we came on deck—at 2 storm came on furiously—we retired to our beds. The rolling of the ship was death to us—towards 4 it increased and our situation was alarming—the trunks rolled across the cabin—the water poured in from the skylight and we were tumbled from one side to the other of our beds—my curiosity was raised to see the storm—and my anxiety to see Keats for I could only speak to him when in bed—I got up and fell down on the floor from my

weakness and the rolling of the ship. Keats was very calm—the ladies were much frightened and would scarce speak—when I got up to the deck I was astounded—the waves were in mountains and washed the ship—the watery horizon was like a mountainous country—but the ship's motion was beautifully to the sea falling from one wave to the other in a very lovely manner—the sea each time crossing the deck and one side of the ship being level with the water—this when I understood gave me perfect ease—I communicated below and it did the same—but when the dusk came the sea began to rush in from the side of our cabin from an opening in the planks—this made us rather long-faced—for it came by pail-fulls—again I got out and said to Keats ' Here's pretty music for you '—with the greatest calmness he answered me only by ' Water parted from the sea.' I staggered up again and the storm was awful—the Captain and Mate soon came down—for our things were squashing about in the dark—they struck a light and I succeeded in getting my desk off the ground with clothes and books, etc.

The Captain finding it could not be stopped —tacked about from our voyage—and the sea ceased to dash against the cabin for we were sailing against wind and tide—but the horrible agitation continued in the ship lengthways—here were the pumps working —the sails squalling the confused voices of the sailors—the things rattling abut in every direction and us poor devils pinn'd up in our box beds like ghosts by daylight —except Keats he was himself all the time— the ladies suffered the most—but I was out of bed a dozen times to wait on them and tell them there was no danger—my sickness made me get into bed very soon each time —but Keats this morning brags of my sailorship—he says could I have kept on my legs in the water (in the) cabin I should have been a standing miracle.

20th September

I caught a sight of the moon about 3 o'clock this morning—and ran down to tell the glad tidings—but the surly rolling of the sea was worse than the storm—the

ship trembled to it—and the sea was scarcely calmed by daylight—so that we were kept from 2 o'clock yesterday until 6 this morning without anything—well it has done us good, we are like a Quartett of fighting cocks this morning. The morning is serene we are now back again some 20 miles—waiting for a wind—but full of spirits. . . . The sea has done his worst upon us.

JOSEPH SEVERN in a Letter

THE JOLLY WATERMAN

. . . I then took my passage on board a collier bound to the great city; and, after beating about in good weather and bad weather for about three weeks, I arrived in London on the first October, 1776.

The first Cockney I met was the sculler-man, who was engaged to land me and my luggage near Temple Bar. I was amused at his slang and his chatter all the way to London Bridge; and, on approaching it, he asked me if I was a-feared; but, not knowing what I was to be afraid of, I returned the question, at which he

looked queer. We passed the gulf about which he wanted to talk, and I again asked him if he was 'a-feared.'

Memoir of THOMAS BEWICK by Himself

EDINBURGH TO NEWCASTLE—1776

As soon as I could, I made my way, by Linlithgow, to Edinburgh. I engaged a passage by sea, in a ship belonging to Whitby, which had to touch at Shields. I attended upon this vessel every tide, late and early, for several days, notwithstanding which I missed my time, and was left behind. In this emergency, I got on board a Leith sloop, bound for Newcastle, then moving from the pier. We had no sooner got down the Firth of Forth, to the open sea, than we met a heavy swell, and presently encountered a violent gale which soon tore our sails to shivers, drove us far out of sight of land, and put our crew in a great bustle and dilemma. In this small vessel, the crew and passengers amounted to twenty-six. For these latter there was no accommodation. The boat upon deck was full of the

sick, covered by an old sail, and the rest were obliged to sit or lie down in any corner where they could find room. The first night was a sickly, suffocating one, and for three more nights and three days, there was little or no amendment of our situation. On board this sloop there were only two beds that were not stowed with goods ; and, from my wanting rest so long before I left Edinburgh, I crept into one of them as soon as I could, but found it so low that I could not lie on my side, or easily turn over. So I could get no sleep ; and, to mend the matter, I had not been long in this wretched bed till an infant was put in beside me, its mother being dismally sick in the boat upon deck ; and the child fell exclusively into my charge. I nursed it as well as I could during the whole voyage ; and, I think, had I not done so, it must have died.

Memoir of THOMAS BEWICK by Himself

A PILGRIM SHIP OF THE MIDDLE AGES

Men may love all gamys
That saylen to Saint Jamys :
For many a man hit gramys
When they begyn to sayle.
For when they have take the sea,
At Sandwyche or at Wynchylsee,
At Bristow, or where that it bee,
Theyr herts begyn to fayle.

. . . .

Thus nerewhyle the pylgryms lye,
And have theyr bowls fast them by,
And cry after hot malvesy,
'Thow help for to restore.'

And some wold have a salted toast,
For they might eat neither sode nor roast
A man myght soon pay for their cost,
As for one day or twayne.
Some lyde their bookes on their knee,
And read so long they myght not see,

'Allas! myne head will clove in three!'
Thus sayth another certayne.

. . . .

A sack of straw were there ryght good,
For some must lyg them in theyr hood;
I had as lefe be in the wood,
Without mete or drynk,
For when that we shall go to bedde,
The pump was nygh our bedde hedde,
A man were as good to be dead,
As smell thereof the stynk.

Old Ballad (*circa* 1445)

AN AMERICAN'S FIRST SIGHT OF ENGLAND

. . . It was a fine, sunny morning when the thrilling cry of 'Land!' was given from the masthead. None but those who have experienced it can form an idea of the delicious throng of sensations which rush into an American's bosom, when he first comes in sight of Europe. There is a volume of associations with the very name. It is the land of promise, teeming with everything of

which his childhood has heard, or on which his studious years have pondered.

From that time until the moment of arrival, it was all feverish excitement. The ships of war that prowled like guardian giants along the coast; the headlands of Ireland, stretching out into the channel; the Welsh mountains, towering into the clouds—all were objects of intense interest. As we sailed up the Mersey, I reconnoitred the shores with a telescope. My eye dwelt with delight on neat cottages, with their trim shrubberies and green grass-plots. I saw the mouldering ruin of an abbey overrun with ivy, and the taper spire of a village church rising from the brow of a neighbouring hill, all were characteristic of England.

WASHINGTON IRVING: *The Sketch Book*

THE LAST OF ENGLAND

In the afternoon of the next day, my old nurse and I went down to Gravesend. We found the ship in the river, surrounded by a crowd of boats; a favourable wind blowing,

the signal for sailing at her masthead. I hired a boat directly, and we put off to her, and, getting through the little vortex of confusion of which she was the centre, went on board.

. . . .

It was such a strange scene to me, and so confined and dark, that, at first, I could make out hardly anything; but, by degrees, it cleared, as my eyes became more accustomed to the gloom, and I seemed to stand in a picture by Ostade. Among the great beams, bulks, and ringbolts of the ship, and the emigrant-berths, and chests, and bundles, and barrels, and heaps of miscellaneous baggage—lighted up, here and there, by dangling lanterns; and elsewhere by the yellow daylight straying down a windsail or a hatchway—were crowded groups of people, making new friendships, taking leave of one another, talking, laughing, crying, eating and drinking; some, already settled down into the possession of their few feet of space, with their little households arranged, and tiny children established on stools, or in

dwarf elbow-chairs ; others, despairing of a resting-place, and wandering disconsolately. From babies who had but a week or two of life behind them, to crooked old men and women who seemed to have but a week of life before them ; and from ploughmen bodily carrying out soil of England on their boots, to smiths taking away samples of its soot and smoke upon their skins ; every age and occupation appeared to be crammed into the narrow compass of the 'tween-decks.

. . . .

The ship was clearing fast of strangers. . . . The time was come. . . . We went over the side into our boat, and lay at a little distance to see the ship wafted on her course. It was then calm, radiant sunset. She lay between us and the red light, and every taper line and spar was visible against the glow. A sight at once so beautiful, so mournful, and so hopeful, as the glorious ship, lying still on the flushed water, with all the life on board her crowded at the bulwarks and there clustering, for a moment, bare-headed and silent, I never saw.

Silent only for a moment. As the sails rose to the wind, and the ship began to move, there broke from all the boats three resounding cheers, which those on board took up, and echoed back, and which were echoed and re-echoed. My heart burst out when I heard the sound, and beheld the waving of the hats and handkerchiefs—and then I saw her !

Then I saw her, at her uncle's side, and trembling on his shoulder. He pointed to us with an eager hand ; and she saw us, and waved her last good-bye to me. . . . Surrounded by the rosy light, and standing high upon the deck, apart together, she clinging to him, and he holding her, they solemnly passed away. The night had fallen on the Kentish hills when we were rowed ashore—and fallen darkly upon me.

DICKENS : *David Copperfield*

MEDITATIONS OF A PASSENGER

. . . To one given to day-dreaming, and fond of losing himself in reveries, a sea voyage is full of subjects for meditation ;

but then they are the wonders of the deep and of the air, and rather tend to abstract the mind from worldly themes. I delighted to loll over the quarter railing, or climb to the maintop, of a calm day, and muse for hours together on the tranquil bosom of a summer's sea; to gaze upon the piles of golden clouds just peering over the horizon, fancy them some fairy realms, and people them with a creation of my own; to watch the gentle, undulating billows, rolling their silver volumes, as if to die away on those happy shores.

There was a delicious sensation of mingled security and awe with which I looked down, from my giddy height, on the monsters of the deep at their uncouth gambols. Shoals of porpoises tumbling about the bow of the ship; the grampus slowly heaving his huge form above the surface; or the ravenous shark, darting, like a spectre, through the blue waters. My imagination would conjure up all that I had heard or read of the watery world beneath me; of the finny herds that roam its fathomless valleys, of the shapeless monsters that lurk among the very founda-

tions of the earth ; and of those wild phantoms that swell the tales of fishermen and sailors.

WASHINGTON IRVING : *The Sketch Book*

ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW

It is a strange Thing, that in Sea voyages, where there is nothing to be seene, but Sky and Sea, Men should make Diaries.

LORD BACON : *On Travaile*

PLAIN WORDS FOR PASSENGERS

Enter Mariners

Boatswain. Heigh, my hearts ! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts ! yare, yare ! Take in the topsail. Tend to the master's whistle— Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough !

Enter ALONSO *and Others*

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master ? Play the men.

Boatswain. I pray now, keep below.

Antonio. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boatswain. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

Gonzalo. Nay, good, be patient.

Boatswain. When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

Gonzalo. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boatswain. None that I love more than myself. You are a counsellor: if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts!—Out of our way, I say. [*Exit*

The Tempest, Act I, sc. I

HOMEWARD BOUND

O raging seas,
  And mighty Neptune's fane,
In monstrous hills
  That knowest thyself so high,
That with thy floods
  Dost beat the shores of Spain:
And break the cliffs
  That dare thy force annoy:

Cease now that rage
  And lay thine ire aside,
And thou that hast
  The governance of all,
O mighty God,
  Grant weather, wind and tide,
Till on my country coast
  Our anchor fall.

BARNABE GOOGE (1563)

OUTWARD BOUND

Where lies the land to which yon Ship must
go ?
Fresh as a lark mounting at break of day,
Festively she puts forth in trim array ;
Is she for tropic suns, or polar snow ?
What boots the inquiry ?—Neither friend
nor foe
She cares for : let her travel where she may,
She finds familiar names, a beaten way
Ever before her, and a wind to blow,
Yet still I ask, what haven is her mark ?
And, almost as it was when ships were rare,
(From time to time, like Pilgrims, here and
there
Crossing the waters) doubt, and something
dark,
Of the old Sea some reverential fear,
Is with me at thy farewell, joyous Bark !

WORDSWORTH

SEA LEGENDS AND WEATHER SIGNS

Jonah rose up to flee from Tarshish from the presence of the Lord, and went down to Joppa ; and he found a ship going to Tarshish so he paid the fare thereof, and went down into it, to go with them unto Tarshish from the presence of the Lord.

But the Lord sent out a great wind into the sea, and there was a mighty tempest in the sea, so that the ship was like to be broken.

Then the mariners were afraid, and cried every man unto his god, and cast forth the wares that were in the ship into the sea, to lighten it of them. But Jonah was gone down into the sides of the ship ; and he lay, and was fast asleep.

So the shipmaster came to him, and said unto him, What meanest thou, O sleeper ? arise, call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not.

And they said every one to his fellow, Come, let us cast lots, that we may know for whose cause this evil is upon us. So they cast lots and the lot fell upon Jonah.

Then said they unto him, Tell us, we pray thee, for whose cause this evil is upon us: What is thine occupation? and whence comest thou? what is thy country? and of what people art thou?

And he said unto them, I am an Hebrew, and I fear the Lord, the God of heaven, which hath made the sea and the dry land.

Then were the men exceedingly afraid, and said unto him, Why hast thou done this? For the men knew that he fled from the presence of the Lord, because he had told them.

Then they said unto him, What shall we do unto thee, that the sea may be calm unto us? for the sea wrought, and was tempestuous.

And he said unto them, Take me up, and cast me forth into the sea; so shall the sea be calm unto you; for I know that for my sake this great tempest is upon you.

Nevertheless the men rowed hard to bring it to the land; but they could not: for the sea wrought, and was tempestuous against them.

Wherefore they cried unto the Lord, and said, We beseech Thee, O Lord, we beseech

Thee, let us not perish for this man's life, and lay not upon us innocent blood; for Thou, O Lord, hast done as it pleased Thee.

So they took up Jonah, and cast him forth into the sea: and the sea ceased from her raging.

Jonah i.

BONNIE ANNIE

There was a rich lord, and he lived in Forfar,
He had a fair lady, and one only dochter.

O she was fair, O dear, she was bonnie:
A ship's captain courted her to be his honey.

'Ye'll steal your father's gowd, and your mother's money,
And I'll mak' ye a lady in Ireland bonny.'

She's stown her father's gowd, and her mother's money,
But she was never a lady in Ireland bonny.

'There's fey fowk in our ship, she winna sail for me,
There's fey fowk in our ship, she winna sail for me.'

They've casten bullets twice six and forty,
And aye the black bullet fell on Bonnie Annie.

'Ye'll tak' me in your arms twain, lo, lift me cannie,
Throw me out owre board, your ain dear Annie.'

He has tane her in his arms twa, lo, lifted her cannie,
He has laid her on a bed of down, his ain dear Annie.

'What can a woman do, love, I'll do for ye?'
'Muckle can a woman do, ye canna do for me.'

'Lay about, steer about, lay our ship cannie,
Do all ye can to save my dear Annie.'

'I've laid about, steered about, laid about cannie,
But all I can do, she winna steer for me.'

Ye'll tak' her in your arms two, lo, lift her cannie,
Ye'll throw her out owre board, your ain dear Annie.'

He has tane her in his arms two, lo, lifted her cannie,
He has thrown her out owre board, his ain dear Annie.

As the ship sailed, bonnie Annie she swam,
And she was at Ireland as soon as them.

He made his love a coffin of the gowd sae yellow,
And buried his bonnie love down in a sea valley.

OLD SCOTS BALLAD

(Did Stevenson get his 'black spot' from this old ballad? By the way, it is strange to find here the phrase 'My dear Annie', so popular with the shanty man in much later times; no doubt this was the source whence it was originally derived.—EDITOR.)

ONE WAY OF ENSURING A FAIR WIND

First Sailor. Sir, your queen must overboard: the sea works high, the wind is

loud, and will not lie till the ship be cleared of the dead.

Pericles. That's your superstition.

First Sailor. Pardon us, sir, with us at sea it hath been still observed, and we are strong in custom. Therefore briefly yield her, for she must overboard straight.

Pericles, Prince of Tyre, Act III, sc. I

AND ANOTHER

The kitten at last recovered, to the great joy of the good captain: but to the great disappointment of some of the sailors, who asserted, that the drowning a cat was the very surest way of raising a favourable wind.

FIELDING: *A Voyage to Lisbon*

AND STILL ANOTHER: TO APOLLO OF LEUCAS

Phoebus who holdest the sheer steep of Leucas, far seen of mariners and washed by the Ionian sea, receive of sailors this mess of

hand-kneaded barley bread and a libation mingled in a little cup, and the gleam of a brief-shining lamp that drinks with half-saturate mouth from a sparing oil flask: in recompense whereof be gracious, and send on their sails a favourable wind to run with them to the harbour of Actium.

PHILIPPUS: Trans. Professor Mackail

YET A FOURTH!

The executions and capitall punishments I finde to be thus in Queene Elizabeth's tyme aborde her own shippes. If any one mann killed another, he was to be bownde to the dead man and soe thrown into the sea. If any one drew weapon wherewith to stryke his captaine, he was to loose his righte hande. If any one drew a weapon within borde in anyewaye of tumult or murder, he was to loose his righte hand. If anyeone pilfered, or stole awaye anye goods or monies from anye of his fellows, he was to be thryse ducked at the boltsprite, and then to be dragged at the bote sterne,

and sett on shoare upon the next land with a lofe of bread and a can of beere. If anye one practysed to steale awaye anye of her Majesty's shippes, the captaine was to cause him to be hanged by the heeles until his braines were beaten oute against the shippe's sides, and then to be cutt downe and lett fall intoe the sea. If anye one slept in his watche, for the first time he was to be headed with a bucket of water; for the second time, he was to be haled up by the wrysts, and to have two buckets of water poured intoe his sleeves; for the third time he was to be bounde to the mayne mast with plates of iron and to have some gunn chambers or a basket of bullets toed to his armes, and soe to remain at the pleasure of the captaine; for the fourthe time he was to be hanged at the boltsprite, with a can of beere and a biscott of breade, and a sharpe knife, and soe to hange and chuse whether he would cutt himself downe and fall into the sea, or hange still and starve. If any one marryner or soldier stole away from her Majesty's service without lycense of his captaine, he was to be hanged. If anye one

did mutinye aboute his allowde proportion of victuals, he was to be layde in the bilboes during the captaine's pleasure. As for all petty pilferings and commissiones of that kinde, those were generally punished with the whippe, the offender being to that purpose bounde faste to the capstan : and the waggerie and idleness of shippe boys paid by the boatswayne with a rodde, and commonlie this execution is done upon Mondaye morninges, and is so frequentlie in use, that some meere seamen and saylers doe believe in good earnest that they never shall have a faire winde until the poor boyes be dulie brought to the chest ; that is, whipped every Mondaye morninge.

HARLEIAN MSS.

'HE SHOT THE ALBATROSS'

The cold is certainly much more insupportable in these than in the same latitudes to the Northward ; for, although we were pretty much advanced in the summer season, and had the days very long, yet we had continual squalls of sleet, snow and rain, and

the heavens were perpetually hid from us by gloomy dismal clouds. In short, one would think it impossible that anything living could subsist in so rigid a climate; and indeed we all observed, that we had not had the sight of one fish of any kind, since we were come to the Southward of the streights of Le Mair, nor one sea-bird, except a disconsolate black Albitross, who accompanied us for several days, hovering about us as if he had lost himself, till Hatley (my second Captain) observing, in one of his melancholy fits, that this bird was always hovering near us, imagined, from his colour, that it might be some ill omen. That which, I suppose, induced him the more to encourage his superstition was the continued series of contrary tempestuous winds, which had oppressed us ever since we had got into this sea. But be that as it would, he, after some fruitless attempts, at length shot the Albitross, not doubting (perhaps) that we should have a fair wind after it.

CAPTAIN GEORGE SHELVOCKE'S *Voyage Round the World.* (1722)

And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow,
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

At length did cross an Albatross,
Through the fog it came ;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit ;
The helmsman steered us through !

And a good south wind sprung up behind ;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo !

On mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine ;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white
Glimmered the white moon-shine.

' God save thee, ancient Mariner,
From the fiends, that plague thee thus !—
Why look'st thou so ? '—With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross.

. . . .

The sun now rose upon the right :
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariner's hollo !

And I had done an hellish thing,
And it would work them woe :
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah wretch ! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow !

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious sun uprist :
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free :

We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be ;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea !

All in a hot and copper sky
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion ;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink ;
Water, water everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot : O Christ !
That ever this should be !
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
  The death fires danced at night ;
The water, like a witch's oils,
  Burnt green, and blue, and white.

. . . .

Ah ! well-a-day ! what evil looks
  Had I from old and young !
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
  About my neck was hung.

COLERIDGE : *The Ancient Mariner*

First Witch. A sailor's wife had chest-
  nuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd :
  ' Give me,' quoth I :
' Aroint thee, witch,' the rump-fed ronyon
  cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o'
  the ' Tiger '
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.
Second Witch. I'll give thee a wind.
First Witch. Thou'rt kind.
Third Witch. And I another.

First Witch. I myself have all the other ;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.
I'll drain him as dry as hay :
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid ;
He shall live a man forbid.
Weary sennights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine ;
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
Look what I have.

Second Witch. Show me, show me.

First Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wrack'd as homeward he did come.

Macbeth, Act I, sc. 3

THE 'FLYING DUTCHMAN'

I

At 4 a.m. the Flying Dutchman crossed our bows. A strange, red light, as of a phantom ship all aglow, in the midst of

which light the masts, spars and sails of a brig two hundred yards distant stood out in strong relief as she came up. The look-out man on the forecastle reported her as close on the port bow, where also the officer of the watch from the bridge clearly saw her, as did also the quarter deck midshipman, who was sent forward at once to the forecastle; but on arriving there no vestige of any sign whatever of any material ship was to be seen either near or right away to the horizon, the night being clear and the sea calm. Thirteen persons altogether saw her, but whether it was Van Diemen or the Flying Dutchman, or who, she must remain unknown. The Tourmaline and Cleopatra, who were sailing on our starboard bow, flashed to ask whether we had seen the strange red light.

The Cruise of the Bacchante: 1879–82

II

She was painted yellow, of yellow were the dim churchyard lines that I marked her hull was coated with. She was low in the bows

with a great spring aft, crowned by a kind of double poop, one above another, and what I could see of the stern was almost pear-shape, supposing the fruit inverted with the stalk sliced off. She had three masts each with a large protected circular top, resembling turrets, sails of the texture of cobwebs hung from her squareyards.

CLARK RUSSELL : *A Voyage to the Cape*

Some superstitious seamen, when they take in goods or victuals for a voyage, if by chance in stowing the provision she heel to starboard, will say it is a sign of a long and bad voyage, for then they will say she heels from hand-ward [landward ?] because they take in all their goods on the larboard side. But if she heel to larboard it is sign of a good voyage, and some goods to come in.

Some seafaring men are very superstitious of going to sea at certain days, and commonly those hold it good to begin the voyage on Sundays ; and therefore to seem to have begun the voyage that day (though they be

not ready to go) they will weigh, or (as the term is) trip the anchor, and go a little way, and so come to anchor again: this they call *breaking ground.*

SIR HENRY MAINWARING: *Seaman's Dictionary*

THE MYSTERIOUS POWERS OF FINNS

'I say,' asked the cook, 'do you know what countryman 'e carpenter be?'

'Yes,' said I, 'he's a German. . . .'

'I'm plaguy glad o' dat,' said the cook. 'I was mighty afraid he was a Finn.' I asked him the reason of this, and found that he was fully possessed with the notion that Finns are wizards, and especially have power over winds and storms. I tried to reason with him about it, but he had the best of all arguments, that from experience, at hand, and was not to be moved. He had been in a vessel at the Sandwich Islands in which the sailmaker was a Finn, and could do anything he felt inclined to do. This

sailmaker kept a junk bottle in his berth, which was always just half full of rum. though he got drunk upon it nearly every day.

He had heard of ships, too, beating up the Gulf of Finland against a head wind, and having a ship heave in sight astern, overhaul, and pass them, with as fair a wind as could blow and all studding-sails out, and find she was from Finland.

DANA: *Two Years Before the Mast*

A GALE WARNING IN TUDOR TIMES

Enter DRAWER

Drawer. Sir Petronel, here's one of your watermen come to tell you it will be flood these three hours: and that 'twill be dangerous going against the tide, for the sky is overcast, and there was a porpoise even now seen at London Bridge, which is always the messenger of tempests, he says.

CHAPMAN AND BEN JONSON: *Eastward Ho!*

'I could whistle for a good wind, sir,' said Wilde.

''T is a superstition,' said the captain severely.

'It works if you whistle long enough,' cried the mate, smiling.

MORLEY ROBERTS: *The Tale of Billy-be-Damned*

One night the weather being moderate, about eleven o'clock I requested one of my shipmates to comb and tie my hair, for which purpose I sat under the bow of the boat. While we were at this work the master came forward to see what we were about, and, being very superstitious, he flew into a great passion and gave us to understand that it was no wonder we experienced such a foul wind when such trash as me was combing his hair in the night.

CROSBIE GARSTIN: *Samuel Kelly*

In one of the strong gales we perceived a meteor at the top of the mast, like a dull light in a lantern. Sometimes these meteors

appear at all the mastheads and are seen at times running up by a rope till they arrive at the truck. Sailors in general, call these lights 'corps sants', which I imagine is a term used by Popish seamen, and the meaning is that they suppose it to be the spirit or corpse of a saint. It is a received opinion that these lights appear at the height of the storm, and of course are not looked on as unwelcome visitants, though as sailors are generally superstitious I never know one hardy enough to go near it, and strange stories are recorded concerning them.

CROSBIE GARSTIN: *Samuel Kelly*

Our pilot, seeing our cat frolicsome, who doubtless smelled the land, and was running in and out on the bowsprit, became exasperated against the poor animal; he being superstitious concluded her gambols denoted a heavy gale of wind, which actually came on and we rode out the gale in Margate Roads, but I do not think the manœuvres of the cat were in any way connected with it.

CROSBIE GARSTIN: *Samuel Kelly*

THE MERMAID

One Friday morn when we set sail,
And our ship not far from the land,
We there did espy a fair pretty maid,
With a comb and a glass in her hand, her hand, her hand,
With a comb and a glass in her hand.
And the raging seas did roar,
And the stormy winds did blow,
And we jolly sailormen were up, up aloft,
And the landlubbers lying down below, below, below,
And the landlubbers lying down below.

Then up spoke the cabin boy of our gallant ship,
And a well-spoken boy was he,
'I've a father and mother in fair Portsmouth town,
And this night they will weep for me, for me, for me,
And this night they will weep for me.'

Then up spake the captain of our gallant ship,
And a right good skipper was he,

'I have married a wife in fair Plymouth town,
And to-night she a widow will be, will be, will be,
And to-night she a widow will be.'

Then up spake the cook of our gallant ship,
And a dirty old sinner was he,
'I don't care a damn for the pots and the pans,
They may go to the bottom of the sea, the sea, the sea,
They may go to the bottom of the sea.'

Then three times round went our gallant ship,
And three times round went she,
For the want of a lifeboat we all went down,
And she sank to the bottom of the sea, the sea, the sea,
And she sank to the bottom of the sea.
And the raging seas did roar,
And the stormy winds did blow,
And we jolly sailormen were up, up aloft,
And the landlubbers lying down below, below, below,
And the landlubbers lying down below.

OLD SEA SONG

FIGUREHEADS

'GINGERBREAD WORK'

Britannia, riding awful on the prow,
Gazed o'er the vassal waves that rolled below:
Where'er she moved the vassal waves were seen
To yield obsequious, and confess their queen.
The imperial trident graced her dexter hand,
Of power to rule the surge, like Moses' wand;
The eternal empire of the main to keep,
And guide her squadrons o'er the trembling deep:
Her left, propitious, bore a mystic shield,
Around whose margin rolls the watery field;
There her bold Genius, in his floating car,
O'er the wild billows hurls the storm of war:
And lo! the beasts that oft with jealous rage

In bloody combat met, from age to age,
Tamed into Union, yoked in friendship's chain,
Draw his proud chariot round the vanquished main :
From the broad margin to the centre grew
Shelves, rocks, and whirlpools, hideous to the view.
The immortal shield from Neptune she received,
When first her head above the waters heaved—
Loose floated o'er her limbs an azure vest,
A figured 'scutcheon glittered on her breast :
There from one parent soil, for ever young,
The blooming Rose and hardy Thistle sprung.
Around her head an oaken wreath was seen
Inwove with laurels of unfading green.
Such was the sculptured prow ; from van to rear
The artillery frowned, a black tremendous tier !
Embalmed with orient gum, above the wave
The swelling sides a yellow radiance gave.

On the broad stern, a pencil warm and bold,
That never servile rules of art controlled,
An allegoric tale on high portrayed ;—
There a young hero, here a royal maid ;
Fair England's Genius in the youth expressed
Her ancient foe, but now her friend confessed,
The warlike nymph with fond regard surveyed ;
No more his hostile frown her heart dismayed—
His look, that once shot terror from afar,
Like young Alcides, or the god of war,
Serene as Summer's evening skies she saw ;
Serene, yet firm ; though mild, impressing awe ;
Her nervous arm, inured to toils severe,
Brandished the unconquered Caledonian spear ;
The dreadful falchion of the hills she wore,
Sung to the harp in many a tale of yore,
That oft her rivers dyed with hostile gore.
Blue was her rocky shield ; her piercing eye
Flashed like the meteors of her native sky ;
Her crest, high-plumed, was rough with many a scar,

And o'er her helmet gleamed the northern star.
The warrior youth appeared of noble fame
The hardy offspring of some Runic dame ;
Loose o'er his shoulders hung the slackened bow
Renowned in song, the terror of the foe !
The sword that oft the barbarous north defied,
The scourge of tyrants ! glittered by his side ;
Clad in refulgent arms in battle won,
The George emblazoned on his corselet shone.
Fast by his side was seen a golden lyre
Pregnant with numbers of eternal fire ;
Whose strings unlock the witches' midnight spell,
Or waft rapt Fancy through the gulfs of hell :
Struck with contagion, kindling Fancy hears
The songs of heaven, the music of the spheres !
Borne on Newtonian wing through air she flies,

Where other suns to other systems rise.
These front the scene conspicuous ; overhead
Albion's proud oak his filial branches spread ;
While on the sea-beat shore obsequious stood,
Beneath their feet, the father of the flood :
Here, the bold native of her cliffs above,
Perched by the martial maid the bird of Jove ;
There, on the watch, sagacious of his prey,
With eyes of fire, an English mastiff lay :
Yonder fair Commerce stretched her winged sail.
Here frowned the god that wakes the living gale
High o'er the poop, the fluttering winds unfurled
The imperial flag that rules the watery world,
Deep blushing armours all the tops invest,
And warlike trophies either quarter dressed :
Then towered the masts, the canvas swelled on high,
And waving streamers floated in the sky.
Thus the rich vessel moves in trim array,

Like some fair virgin on her bridal day :
Thus, like a swan, she cleaves the watery plain,
The pride and wonder of the Aegean main !

FALCONER : *The Shipwreck*

THE FIGUREHEAD. I

At the bows an image stood,
By a cunning artist carved in wood,
With robes of white that far behind
Seemed to be fluttering in the wind.
It was not shaped in a classic mould,
Not like a Nymph or Goddess of old,
Or Naiad rising from the water,
But modelled from the Master's daughter !
On many a dreary and misty night
'Twill be seen by the rays of the signal light
Speeding along in the rain and the dark,
Like a ghost in its snow-white sark,
The pilot of some phantom bark,
Guiding the vessel in its flight
By a path none other knows aright.

LONGFELLOW : *The Building of the Ship*

THE FIGUREHEAD II.

An old grandfather was sitting telling his little grandson all about Holger the Dane, and the little boy knew that all his grandfather said was true. While the old man was talking, he sat carving a big wooden figure: it was to represent Holger the Dane as the figurehead of a ship; for the old grandfather was a carver, the sort of man who carves a figurehead for each ship, according to its name. Here he had carved Holger the Dane, who stood erect and proud, with his long beard. He held in his hand a great broadsword, and rested his other hand upon a shield with the Danish arms.

. . . The old grandfather remained sitting at his work, carving away at the last bit of it, which was the arms on the shield. At last it was finished. He looked at it complete . . . and the more he looked, the more plain it became to him that the figure he had made was a good one. He even fancied that the colour came into it, and that the armour shone like polished steel; the hearts in the Danish Arms got redder and

redder, and the crowns on the springing lions became golden. . . .

'What a grand figure you have made, grandfather,' said his daughter-in-law, 'Holger the Dane and all our beautiful coat-of-arms—I think I have seen that face before!'

'No, that you haven't,' said the old man, 'but I have seen it, and often before tried to carve it in wood, just as I remember it. It was when the English lay in the roads on the 2nd day of April, and we knew we were true old Danes. Where I stood on the "Denmark" in Steen Bille's squadron I had a man by my side, it seemed as if the balls were afraid of him; there he stood singing old ballads, fighting and struggling if as he were more than a man. I remember his face still, but whence he came or whither he went I haven't an idea, nor anyone else either. I have often thought it must have been old Holger the Dane himself, who had swum down from Kronberg to help us in the hour of danger, now that's my idea, and there stands his portrait.'

HANS ANDERSEN: *Holger the Dane*

SHIPWRECKS, PIRACY, AND OTHER MARINE RISKS

THE SHIPWRECK OF SAINT PAUL

And when we had sailed slowly many days, and scarce were come over against Cnidus, the wind not suffering us, we sailed under Crete, over against Salmone :

And, hardly passing it, came unto a place which is called The fair havens ; nigh whereunto was the city of Lasea.

Now when much time was spent, and when sailing was now dangerous, because the fast was now already past, Paul admonished them,

And said unto them, Sirs, I perceive that this voyage will be with hurt and much danger, not only of the lading and ship, but also of our lives.

Nevertheless the centurion believed the master and the owner of the ship, more than those things which were spoken by Paul.

And because the haven was not commodious to winter in, the more part advised

to depart thence also, if by any means they might attain to Phenice, and there to winter ; which is a haven of Crete, and lieth toward the south west and north west.

And when the south wind blew softly, supposing that they had obtained their purpose, loosing thence, they sailed close by Crete.

But not long after there arose against it a tempestuous wind, called Euroclydon.

And when the ship was caught, and could not bear up into the wind, we let her drive.

And running under a certain island which is called Clauda, we had much work to come by the boat :

Which when they had taken up, they used helps, undergirding the ship ; and fearing lest they should fall into the quicksands, strake sail, and so were driven.

And we being exceedingly tossed with a tempest, the next day they lightened the ship ;

And the third day we cast out with our own hands the tackling of the ship.

And when neither sun nor stars in many

days appeared, and no small tempest lay upon us, all hope that we should be saved was then taken away. . . .

But when the fourteenth night was come, as we were driven up and down in Adria, about midnight the shipmen deemed that they drew near to some country ;

And sounded, and found it twenty fathoms ; and when they had gone a little further, they sounded again, and found it fifteen fathoms ;

Then fearing lest we should have fallen upon rocks, they cast four anchors out of the stern, and wished for the day.

And as the shipmen were about to flee out of the ship, when they had let down the boat into the sea, under colour as though they would have cast anchors out of the foreship,

Paul said to the centurion and to the soldiers, Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved.

Then the soldiers cut off the ropes of the boat, and let her fall off. . . .

And we were all in the ship two hundred threescore and sixteen souls.

And when they had eaten enough, they lightened the ship, and cast out the wheat into the sea.

And when it was day, they knew not the land: but they discovered a certain creek with a shore, into the which they were minded, if it were possible, to thrust in the ship.

And when they had taken up the anchors, they committed themselves unto the sea, and loosed the rudder bands, and hoised up the mainsail to the wind, and made toward shore.

And falling into a place where two seas met, they ran the ship aground, and the forepart stuck fast, and remained unmoveable, but the hinder part was broken with the violence of the waves.

And the soldiers' counsel was to kill the prisoners, lest any of them should swim out, and escape.

But the centurion, willing to save Paul, kept them from their purpose, and commanded that they which could swim should cast themselves first into the sea, and get to land:

And the rest, some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship. And so it came to pass, that they escaped all safe to land.

THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES xxvii.

The ship herself, over and above her lost crew, was in their eyes a person to be loved, and regretted. And Gentleman Jan spoke, like a true sailor—

'Ah, poor dear! And she such a beauty, Mr. Brown; as anyone might see by her lines, even that way off. Ah, poor dear!'

'And so many brave souls on board; and, perhaps, some of them not ready, Mr. Beer,' says the serious elderly chief boatman. . . .

'It arn't the men I care for,' says Gentleman Jan, 'they're gone to heaven, like all brave sailors do as dies by wreck and battle; but the poor dear ship, d'ye see, she ha'n't no heaven to go to, and that's why I feel for her so.'

C. KINGSLEY: *Two Years Ago*

A SAD TALE'S BEST FOR WINTER

. . . The weather, which had hitherto been fair, began to look wild and threatening, and gave indications of one of those sudden storms that will sometimes break in upon the serenity of a summer voyage. As we sat round the dull light of a lamp in the cabin, that made the gloom more ghastly, every one had his tale of shipwreck and disaster. I was particularly struck with a short one related by the captain.

'As I was once sailing,' said he, 'in a fine, stout ship, across the banks of Newfoundland, one of those heavy fogs that prevail in those parts rendered it impossible for us to see far ahead, even in the day-time ; but at night the weather was so thick that we could not distinguish any object at twice the length of the ship. I kept lights at the mast-head, and a constant watch forward to look out for fishing-smacks, which are accustomed to lie at anchor on the banks. The wind was

blowing a smacking breeze, and we were going at a great rate through the water. Suddenly the watch gave the alarm of "A sail ahead!" It was scarcely uttered before we were upon her. She was a small schooner, at anchor, with her broadside towards us. The crew were all asleep, and had neglected to hoist a light. We struck her just amidships. The force, the size, and weight of our vessel bore her down below the waves; we passed over her, and were hurried on our course. As the crashing wreck was sinking beneath us, I had a glimpse of two or three half-naked wretches rushing from her cabin; they just started from their beds to be swallowed shrieking by the waves. I heard their drowning cry mingling with the wind. The blast that bore it to our ears swept us out of all further hearing. I shall never forget that cry! It was some time before we could put the ship about, as she was under such head-way. We returned, as nearly as we could guess, to the place where the smack had anchored. We cruised about for several hours in the dense fog. We fired signal guns, and listened if we might

hear the halloo of any survivors; but all was silent—we never saw or heard anything of them more.'

WASHINGTON IRVING: *The Sketch Book*

THE SHIPWRECK

. . . .

There was no light in heaven but a few stars;
The boats put off o'ercrowded with their crews;
She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port,
And going down head foremost, sunk in short.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell,
Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave:
Then leaped overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave;
And the sea yawn'd about her like a bell,
And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rush'd,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder: then all hush'd,
Save the wild wind, and the remorseless dash
Of billows: but at intervals there gush'd,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry,
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

LORD BYRON: *Don Juan*

WRECK OF A FRUIT SCHOONER

In the difficulty of hearing anything but wind and waves, and in the crowd, and the unspeakable confusion, and my first breathless efforts to stand against the weather, I was so confused that I looked out to sea for the wreck, and saw nothing but the foaming heads of the great waves. A half-dressed boatman, standing next me, pointed with his bare arm (a tattoo'd arrow on it, pointing in the same direction) to the left. Then, O great Heaven, I saw it, close in upon us!

One mast was broken short off, six or eight feet from the deck, and lay over the side, entangled in a maze of sail and rigging;

and all that ruin, as the ship rolled and beat —which she did without a moment's pause, and with a violence quite inconceivable— beat the side as if it would stave it in. Some efforts were even then being made, to cut this portion of the wreck away; for as the ship, which was broadside on, turned towards us in her rolling, I plainly descried her people at work with axes, especially one active figure with long curling hair, conspicuous among the rest. But a great cry which was audible even above the wind and water, rose from the shore at this moment; the sea, sweeping over the rolling wreck, made a clean breach, and carried men, spars, casks, planks, bulwarks, heaps of such toys, into the boiling surge.

The second mast was yet standing, with the rags of a rent sail, and a wild confusion of broken cordage flapping to and fro. The ship had struck once, the same boatman hoarsely said in my ear, and then lifted in and struck again. I understood him to add that she was parting amidships, and I could readily suppose so, for the rolling and beating were too tremendous for any human

work to suffer long. As he spoke, there was another great cry of pity from the beach; four men arose with the wreck out of the deep, clinging to the rigging of the remaining mast; uppermost, the active figure with the curling hair.

There was a bell on board; and as the ship rolled and dashed, like a desperate creature driven mad, now showing us the whole sweep of her deck, as she turned on her beam-ends towards the shore, now nothing but her keep, as she sprang wildly over and turned towards the sea, the bell rang; and its sound, the knell of those unhappy men, was borne towards us on the wind. Again we lost her, and again she rose. Two men were gone. The agony on shore increased. Men groaned, and clasped their hands: women shrieked, and turned away their faces. Some ran wildly up and down along the beach, crying for help where no help could be. I found myself one of these, frantically imploring a knot of sailors whom I knew, not to let those two lost creatures perish before our eyes.

DICKENS: *David Copperfield*

Venice. A Street

Enter SALANIO AND SALARINO

Salan Now, what news on the Rialto ?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there unchecked that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wracked on the narrow seas ; the Goodwins, I think they call the place ; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried.

Merchant of Venice, Act III, sc. I

Clarence. Lord, Lord ! methought what pain it was to drown !
What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears !
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes !
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wracks ;
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon ;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalu'd jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls and in those holes

Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
Which woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mocked the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

King Richard III, Act I, sc. 4

A STORY OF THE SEA

Once on a time when a ship was shattered at sea, two men fell at strife fighting for one plank. Antagoras struck away Pisistratus; one could not blame him, for it was his life; but Justice took cognisance. The other swam ashore; but him a dog-fish seized; surely the Avenger of the Fates rests not even in the watery deep.

ANTIPATOR OF THESSALONICA: Trans. Professor Mackail

ALL HANDS TO THE PUMPS

They sound the well, and terrible to hear!
Five feet immersed along the line appear;

At either pump they ply the clanking brake,
And turn by turn the ungrateful office take ;

. . . .

As some strong citadel begirt with foes
Tries long the tide of ruin to oppose,
Destruction near her spreads his black array,
And death and sorrow mark his horrid way ;
Till, in some destined hour, against her wall
In tenfold rage the fatal thunders fall :
It breaks, it bursts before the cannonade !
And following hosts the shattered domes invade ;
Her inmates long repel the hostile flood,
And shield their sacred charge in streams of blood—
So the brave mariners their pumps attend,
And help incessant, by rotation, lend ;—
But all in vain ! for now the sounding cord
Updrawn, an undiminished depth explored.

FALCONER : *The Shipwreck*

The storm was so violent, that I saw what is not often seen, the master, the boatswain, and some others, more sensible than the

rest, at their prayers, and expecting every moment the ship would go to the bottom. In the middle of the night, and under all the rest of our distresses, one of the men, that had been down on purpose to see, cried out, ' We have sprung a leak ! ' another man said ' there was four foot water in the hold.' Then all hands were called to the pump. At that very word, my heart, as I thought, died within me, and I fell backwards upon the side of my bed, where I sat in the cabin However, the men roused me, and told me, that I, who was able to do nothing before was as well able to pump as another ; at which I stirred up and went to the pump, and worked very heartily. While this was doing, the master seeing some light colliers, who, not able to ride out the storm, were obliged to slip and run away to sea, and would not come near us, ordered us to fire a gun as a signal of distress. I, who knew nothing what that meant, was so surprised that I thought the ship had broke, or some dreadful thing had happened. In a word, I was so surprised, that I fell down in a swoon. As this was a time when everybody had his

own life to think of, no one minded me, or what was become of me: but another man stepped up to the pump, and thrusting me aside with his foot, let me lie, thinking I had been dead: and it was a great while before I came to myself.

DEFOE: *Robinson Crusoe*

WOLVES IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING

They keep their tops continually manned, and have signs to each other when to chase, when to give over, where to meet, and how to know each other if they see each other afar off. In Chase they seldom use any Ordnance, but desire as soon as they can, to come aboard and board; by which course he shall more dishearten the Merchant and spare his own men. They commonly show such colours as are most proper to their Ships, which are for the most part Flemish bottoms, if they can get them, in regard that generally they go well, are roomy Ships, floaty, and of small charge.

SIR HENRY MAINWARING: *Discourse on Pirates.*

Shylock. . . . His means are in supposition : he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies ; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men : there be land-rats and water-rats, land-thieves and water-thieves,—I mean pirates ; and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks.

Merchant of Venice, Act I, sc. 3

A DUTCH PICTURE

Simon Danz has come home again,
From cruising about with his buccaneers ;
He has singed the beard of the King of Spain,
And carried away the Dean of Jaen,
And sold him in Algiers.

In his house by the Maes, with its roof of tiles,
And weathercocks flying aloft in air,
There are silver tankards of antique styles,

Plunder of convent, and castle, and piles
Of carpets rich and rare.

In his tulip-garden there by the town,
Overlooking the sluggish stream,
With his Moorish cap and dressing-gown,
The old sea-captain, hale and brown,
Walks in a waking dream.

A smile in his grey mustachio lurks
Whenever he thinks of the King of Spain,
And the listed tulips look like Turks,
And the silent gardener as he works
Is changed to the Dean of Jaen.

The windmills on the outermost
Verge of the landscape in the haze,
To him are towers on the Spanish coast,
With whiskered sentinels at their post,
Though this is the river Maes.

But when the winter rains begin,
He sits and smokes by the blazing brands,
And old seafaring men come in,
Goat-bearded, grey, and with double chin,
And rings upon their hands.

They sit there in the shadow and shine
Of the flickering fire of the winter night;
Figures in colour and design
Like those by Rembrandt of the Rhine,
Half darkness and half light.

And they talk of their ventures lost or won
And their talk is ever and ever the same,
While they drink the red wine of Tarragon,
From the cellars of some Spanish Don
Or convent set on flame.

Restless at times, with heavy strides
He paces his parlour to and fro;
He is like a ship that at anchor rides,
And swings with the rising and falling tides
And tugs at her anchor-tow.

Voices mysterious far and near,
Sound of the wind and sound of the sea,
Are calling and whispering in his ear,
'Simon Danz! Why stayest thou here?
Come forth and follow me!'

So he thinks he shall take to the sea again
For one more cruise with his buccaneers,
To singe the beard of the King of Spain,

And capture another Dean of Jaen.
And sell him in Algiers.

LONGFELLOW

A GOOD HARBOUR FOR PIRATES

At Tetuan, the first town on the Barbary side going in, a Pirate may water well, have good refreshing, buy store of powder (which is for the most part brought in by English and Flemish merchants) and sell their goods well which is quickly landed and dispatched by reason of the Boats of the town, but here is no command but to ride upon their guard; they ride also in foul ground and must perforce put to Sea if the Levant come here; the people are very just and trusty.

SIR HENRY MAINWARING: *Discourse on Pirates*[1]

A PIRATE IN SPITE OF HIMSELF

A great occasion to encourage men both to continue, and enter into those actions, is

the misunderstanding of such as are called Perforst-men, by which is commonly meant, such as are taken out of Ships at Sea, so that it is intended that they are taken away against their wills. But that your Highness may the better understand and judge of such men, I must report truly that when I have had near six or seven hundred men at one time, and for the most part taken out of Ships, I know not that I had three Perforst-men, in all my Company, neither of all that I had at Sea, was any taken, but in this or the like sort. Having fetched up and commanded a Ship, some of the Merchants-men would come to me, or to some of my Captains and Officers, to tell me they were desirous to serve me, but they durst not seem willing, lest they should lose their wages, which they had contracted for with their Merchants; as also that if by any occasion they should come home to their Country, or to be taken by any other Princes, it would be a benefit to them, and no hurt to me, to have them esteemed Perforst-men. In which respect I being desirous to have men serve me willingly and cheerfully, would

give them a note under my hand to that purpose, and send men aboard to seem to take them away perforce. These men by such slender attestations are rather welcomed home, than any way molested or troubled, unless by mischance some under officer of the Admiralty light upon them, and pillage them of their goods. The inconvenience and mischief whereof is this : that such men knowing themselves to be privileged are more violent, head-strong, and mutinous, than any of the old Crew, either to commit any outrage upon their own Countrymen, or exercise cruelty upon others, as also the most unwilling men to be reduced home, till they have struck up a hand, and then they apprehend the first occasion they can get ashore in any of your Majesty's Dominions, where concealing their wealth they offer themselves to the next officers or justices, complaining of the injury they have received in being so long detained by force, and so they are commonly not molested but relieved.

SIR HENRY MAINWARING : *Discourse on Pirates*

CAPTURED BY A SALLEE ROVER

Our ship, making her course towards the Canary Islands, or rather between those Islands and the African shore, was surprised, in the grey of the morning, by a Turkish rover, of Sallee, who gave chase to us, with all the sail she could make. We crowded also as much canvas as our yards would spread, or our masts carry, to get clear; but finding the pirate gained upon us, and would certainly come up with us in a few hours, we prepared to fight, our ship having twelve guns and the rover eighteen. About three in the afternoon he came up with us; and bringing to, by mistake, just athwart our quarter, instead of athwart our stern, as he intended, we brought eight of our guns to bear on that side, and poured in a broadside upon him, which made him sheer off again, after returning our fire, and pouring in also his small shot from near two hundred men whom he had on board. However, we had not a man touched, all our men keeping close. He prepared to attack us

again, and we to defend ourselves; but laying us on board the next time upon our other quarter, he entered sixty men upon our decks, who immediately fell to cutting and hacking the sails and rigging. We plied them with small-shot, half-pikes, powder chests, and such like, and cleared our decks of them twice. However, to cut short this melancholy part of our story, our ship being disabled, and three of our men killed and eight wounded, we were obliged to yield, and were carried all prisoners into Sallee, a port belonging to the Moors.

DEFOE: *Robinson Crusoe*

A GALLERY OF SHIPS

A TUDOR FLEET AT SEA

Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty ; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning ;
Play with your fancies, and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing ;
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
To sounds confused ; behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge : O ! do but think
You stand upon the rivage and behold
A city upon the inconstant billows dancing ;
For so appears this fleet majestical
Holding due course to Harfleur.

King Henry V, Act III, sc. I

TO THE GOD OF HARBOUR AND HEADLAND

Founder and harbour god, do thou, O blessed one, send with a gentle breeze the outward bound sail down smooth water to the open sea; and thou who keepest the points of the shore, guard the voyager for the Pythian shrine; and thenceforward, if all we singers are in Phœbus' care, I will sail cheerily on with a fair-flowing West wind.

ANTIPHILUS: Trans. Professor Mackail

IN PRAISE OF WHALING—

Of all ships separately sailing the sea, the whalers have most reason to be sociable—and they are so: whereas, some merchant ships crossing each other's wake in the mid-Atlantic, will oftentimes pass on without so much as a single word of recognition, mutually cutting each other on the high seas, like a brace of dandies in Broadway;

and all the time indulging, perhaps, in finical criticism upon each other's rig. As for men-of-war, when they chance to meet at sea, they first go through such a string of silly bowings and scrapings, such a ducking of ensigns, that there does not seem to be much right-down hearty goodwill and brotherly love about it at all. As touching slave ships meeting, why, they are in such a prodigious hurry, they run away from each other as soon as possible. And as for pirates when they chance to cross each other's cross-bones, the first hail is—'How many skulls?'—the same way that whalers hail—'How many barrels?' And that question once answered, pirates straightaway steer apart, for they are infernal villains on both sides, and don't like to see overmuch of each other's villainous likenesses.

But look at the godly, honest, unostentatious, hospitable, sociable, free-and-easy whaler! What does the whaler do when she meets another whaler in any sort of decent weather; she has a 'Gam':[1] a thing so

[1] A 'gam' is an exchange of visits between the captains, mates, and crews of whalers meeting at sea.

utterly unknown to all other ships that they never heard of the name even; and if by chance they should hear of it, they only grin at it, and repeat gamesome stuff about 'spouters' and 'blubber-boilers', and such-like pretty exclamations. Why is it that all merchant seamen, and also all pirates and man-of-war's men, and slave ship sailors, cherish such a scornful feeling towards whale ships? this is a question it would be hard to answer.

MELVILLE: *Moby Dick*

—AND IN THE DISPRAISE OF THE SAME

ADVICE TO YOUNG SAILORS

You merchant men of Billingsgate,
I wonder how you thrive,
You bargain with men for six months,
And pay them for but five.
But so long as the water runs,
And the tide doth ebb and flow,
I'll no more to Greenland sail,
No, no, no!

Our Captains and Commanders
Are valiant men and stout ;
They've fought in France and Flanders,
And never would give out.
They beat their men like stockfish,
All to increase our woe,
Then I'll no more to Greenland sail,
No, no, no !

Abaft, before, helm a-lee,
All hands aloft, they cry,
When straight there comes a rouling sea
That mounts us to the sky :
Like drowned rats, we cordage hale
Whilst scarce we've strength to go :
But I'll no more to Greenland sail—
No, no, no !

For if we faint or falter
To ply our cruel work,
The boatswain with the halter
Does beat us like a Turk :
While we in vain our case bewail
He does increase our woe,
But I'll no more to Greenland sail—
No, no, no !

OLD BALLAD

THE SPOUTER

As soon as her anchor was down we went aboard, and found her to be the whale-ship, 'Wilmington and Liverpool Packet', of New Bedford, last from the 'off-shore ground', with nineteen hundred barrels of oil. A 'spouter' we knew her to be as soon as we saw her, by her cranes and boats, and by her stump topgallant masts, and a certain slovenly look to the sails, rigging, spars, and hull; and when we got on board, we found everything to correspond—spouter fashion. She had a false deck, which was rough and oily, and cut up in every direction by the chimes of oil-casks; her rigging was slack and turning white; no paint on the spars or blocks; clumsy seizings and straps without covers, and homeward bound splices in every direction. Her crew, too, were not in much better order. Her captain was a Quaker, in a suit of brown, with a broad-rimmed hat, and sneaking about decks like a sheep, with his head down; and the men looked more like fishermen and farmers than they did sailors.

DANA: *Two Years Before the Mast*

THE LIVERPOOL PACKET

Oh it's of a flash packet, flash packet of fame :
She belongs to New York, and the ' Dreadnought's ' her name :
Bound away to the westward where the wild waters flow,
She's a Liverpool packet—oh Lord, let her go !

CHORUS

Bound away, bound away where the wild waters flow,
She's a Liverpool packet—oh Lord, let her go !

Oh the ' Dreadnought's ' a-hauling out of Waterloo Dock,
Where the boys and the girls on the pierhead do flock,
They will give us three cheers while the tears freely flow,
Saying, ' God bless the " Dreadnought " where'er she may go.'

Oh the 'Dreadnought' is waiting in the Mersey so free
For the 'Independence' to tow her to sea,
For to round that Rock Light where the Mersey does flow—
Bound away to the westward in the 'Dreadnought' we'll go.

Now the 'Dreadnought's' a-howling down the wild Irish Sea,
Her passengers merry with hearts full of glee,
Her sailors like lions walk the decks to and fro,
She's a Liverpool packet—oh Lord, let her go.'

Now the 'Dreadnought's' a-roaring o'er the Banks of Newfoundland,
Where the water is shoal and the bottom is sand,
And the fishes sing out as they swim to and fro,
'Here's the Liverpool packet—oh Lord, let her go!'

Now the 'Dreadnought's' a-sailing up
Long Island Sound,
With the flags all a-flying and boats all
around.
With our wives and our sweethearts, oh,
soon we shall be,
Drinking luck to the 'Dreadnought'
wherever she may be.

CHORUS

Bound away, bound away where the wild waters flow!
She's a Liverpool packet—oh Lord, let her go!

OLD SEA SONG

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Philo had a boat, the 'Salvation', but not Zeus himself, I believe can be safe in her; for she was salvation in name only, and those who got on board her used either to go aground or to go underground.

NICARCHUS: Trans. Professor Mackail

A LAMENTATION FOR TYRE

O thou that art situate at the entry of the sea, which art a merchant of the people for many isles, Thus saith the Lord God: O Tyrus, thou hast said, I am of perfect beauty.

Thy borders are in the midst of the seas, thy builders have perfected thy beauty.

They have made all thy ship boards of fir trees of Senir: they have taken cedars from Lebanon to make masts for thee.

Of the oaks of Bashan have they made thine oars; the company of the Ashurites have made thy benches of ivory, brought out of the isles of Chittim.

Fine linen with broidered work from Egypt was that which thou spreadest forth to be thy sail; blue and purple from the isles of Elishah was that which covered thee.

The inhabitants of Zidon and Arvad were thy mariners; thy wise men, O Tyrus, that were in thee, were thy pilots.

The ancients of Gebal and the wise men thereof were in thee thy calkers: all the ships

of the sea with their mariners were in thee to occupy thy merchandise. . . .

Tarshish was thy merchant by reason of the multitude of all kind of riches; with silver, iron, tin, and lead, they traded in thy fairs.

Javan, Tubal, and Meshech, they were thy merchants; they traded the persons of men and vessels of brass in thy market. . .

Haran, and Canneh, and Eden, the merchants of Sheba, Asshur, and Chilmad, were thy merchants.

These were thy merchants, in all sorts of things, in blue clothes, and broidered work, and in chests of rich apparel, bound with cords, and made of cedar, among thy merchandise.

The ships of Tarshish did sing of thee in thy market; and thou wast replenished, and made very glorious in the midst of the seas.

Thy rowers have brought thee into great waters; the east wind hath broken thee in the midst of the seas.

Thy riches, and thy fairs, thy merchandise, thy mariners, and thy pilots, thy calkers and the occupiers of thy merchandise and

all thy men of war, that are in thee, and in all thy company which is in the midst of thee, shall fall into the midst of the seas in the day of thy ruin.

The suburbs shall shake at the sound of the cry of thy pilots.

And all that handle the oar, the mariners, and all the pilots of the sea, shall come down from their ships, they shall stand upon the land.

And shall cause their voice to be heard against thee, and shall cry bitterly . . . saying, What city is like Tyrus, like the destroyed in the midst of the seas ?

EZEKIEL xxvii

BLACK IVORY

I had frequently given them an account of my two voyages to the coast of Guinea, the manner of trading with the Negroes there, and how easy it was to purchase on the coast for trifles—such as beads, toys, knives, scissors, hatchets, bits of glass, and the like—not only gold dust,

Guinea grains, elephant's teeth, etc., but Negroes, for the service of the Brazils, in great numbers.

DEFOE : *Robinson Crusoe*

A ROMAN GALLEY

Behold this galley, my friends : fancy you hear her tell how once she was the fastest among ships, able to show her heels to any keel afloat, whether driven by oars or sails ! Well, (she seems to say) the shores of the stormy Adriatic know it to be true, and the Cyclades and far-famed Rhodes and wild Thracian Propontis, and the dark gulf of Pontus where her timbers once grew, a leafy forest, and on the height of Cytorus waved their whispering leaves. And you, O Pontic Amastris, and Cytorus green with box (she says), well you also know it : for on your top she stood a tiny tree, in your waters first dipped her oars, and thence through stormy seas she brought her master, now close-hauled on the port tack, now on the starboard, now running free with a following

wind, neither made she any vows to the gods on the shore, while she sailed from that far sea to this clear inland lake.

CATULLUS: *To a Galley*

A PORTUGALL PRIZE (1592)

At our coming aboard we found in her sixteen pieces of brasse, and three hundred buts of Canarie wine and Nipar wine, which is made of the palme trees, and rasin wine, which is also very strong; as also all kind of haberdasher wares, as hats, red caps knit of Spanish wooll, worsted stockings knit, shooes, veluets, taffataes, chamlers, and silkes, abundance of suckets, rice, Venice glasses, certaine papers full of false and counterfeit stones, which an Italian brought from Venice to deceive the rude Indians with all, abundance of playing cardes, two or three packs of French paper. Whatsoever became of the treasure which usually is brought in roialls of plate in this gallion, we could not find it.

HAKLUYT: *Sir James Lancaster's First Voyage*

It was here that I first saw one of those singular things called catamarans. They are composed of logs lashed together upon the water, have one large sail, are quite fast, and, strange to say, are trusted as good sea boats.

DANA: *Two Years Before the Mast*

The next day we came to an anker at Quitangone, a place on the mainland of Africa, which is two or three leagues to the northward of Mocambique, where the Portugalls of the Isle of Mocambique fetch all their fresh water. Here we took a pangaia, with a Portugall boy in it; which is a vessel like a barge, with one matsail of coco nut leaves. The barge is sowed together with the rindes of trees, and pinned with wooden pinnes. In this pangaia we had certain corne called millio, hennes, and some fardels of blew Calicot cloth.

HAKLUYT: *Sir James Lancaster's First Voyage*

A SLAVE SHIP

Of all the miserable objects I know of none to be compared to the poor devils of slaves on board of a slave vessel: the state of suffocation between decks—the dreadful stench arising from their filth, which is hardly ever cleared away—the sick lying without help, and looked upon by those who are stronger with the utmost indifference—men, women and children, all huddled and crowded together in a state of nudity, worn to skin and bone from stench, starvation, and living in an atmosphere that none but a negro could exist in.

CAPTAIN MARRYAT: *Peter Simple*

THE CHINESE MERCHANT SHIP

DESCRIBED by SER MARCO POLO

These ships, you must know, are of fir timber. They have but one deck, though each of them contains some fifty or sixty cabins, wherein the merchants abide greatly

at their ease, every man having one to himself. The ship hath but one rudder, but it hath four masts; and sometimes they have two additional masts, which they ship and unship at pleasure. Moreover the larger of their vessels have some thirteen compartments or severances in the interior, made with planking strongly framed, in case mayhap the ship should spring a leak either by running on a rock or by the blow of a hungry whale. . . . The fastenings are all of good iron nails, and the sides are double, one plank laid over the other, and caulked outside and in. The planks are not pitched, for these people do not have any pitch, but they daub the sides with another matter, deemed by them far better than pitch; it is this. You see they take some lime and some chopped hemp, and these they knead together with a certain wood-oil; and, when the three are thoroughly amalgamated, they hold like any glue. And with this mixture they do paint their ships. Each of their great ships requires at least 200 mariners, some of them 300. They are indeed of great size, for one ship shall carry 5,000 or

6,000 baskets of pepper. And aboard these ships, you must know, when there is no wind they use sweeps, and these sweeps are so big that to pull them requires four mariners to each. Each great ship has certain large barks or tenders attached to it; these are large enough to carry 1,000 baskets of pepper, and carry fifty or sixty mariners apiece, and they are likewise moved by oars. . . . There are also ten small boats for the service of each great ship. . . . When the ship is under sail she carries these boats slung to her sides.

The Book of Ser Marco Polo

THE CHINESE JUNK

Bound South from Japan to the port of
  Hong Kong
We fell in with a little junk blowing along:
We met her all bright at the breaking of day,
And we gave her good morning and passed
  on our way.
She had stretched her red sails like the wings
  of a bat,

And light, like a gull, on the water she sat ;
She had two big bright eyes for to keep a look-out ;
On her stern there were dragons cavorting about.
And Mrs. Ah Fit by the kitchen did sit,
Preparing some breakfast for Mr. Ah Fit,
The gentleman who, as we saw when we neared her,
By waggling the tickle-stick skilfully, steered her.
The little Fit men and the little Fit maids
Were playing at tig round the brass carronades,
And with all the delight of a juvenile Briton
The littlest Ah Fitlet was plucking the kitten.
With a ' How do you do, Sir ? ' and ' Hip, hip, hooray ! '
'Twas so they blew by at the breaking of day.

H. G. DIXEY

THE CLIPPER SHIP

Built for freight, and yet for speed,
A beautiful and gallant craft;
Broad in the beam, that the stress of the blast,
Pressing down upon sail and mast,
Might not the sharp bows overwhelm;
Broad in the beam, but sloping aft
With graceful curve and slow degrees,
That she might be docile to the helm,
And that the currents of parted seas,
Closing behind, with mighty force,
Might aid and not impede her course.

LONGFELLOW. *The Building of a Ship*

THE DISCREET MEAN

If the bow be too broad the ship will not pass easily through the sea, but carry a great deal of dead water before her; if it be too lean or thin, she will beat or pitch mightily into a hollow sea for want of

breadth to bear her up, so that there must be a discreet mean betwixt both these.

SIR HENRY MAINWARING: *Seaman's Dictionary*

A YANKEE 'BLOOD BOAT'

A Yankee ship came down the river—
Blow, boys, blow!
A Yankee ship came down the river—
Blow, boys, bully boys, blow!

And who do you think was skipper of her?
Why, Bully Hayes, him and no other!

And who do you think was chief mate of her?
Why, Shanghai Brown, the sailor robber!

And what do you think they got for their dinner?
Why, handspike hash, as I'm a sinner!

And what do you think they got for their suppers?
Belaying pin soup and a roll in the scuppers!

Oh blow, my boys, and blow for ever—
Blow, boys, blow!
And blow her home to the Hudson River!
Blow, boys, bully boys, blow!

HALLIARD SHANTY

CARGOES

For the king's ships went to Tarshish with the servants of Huram: every three years once came the ships of Tarshish bringing gold, and silver, ivory, and apes, and peacocks.

2 Chronicles ix

Her cargo consisted of what the Americans called 'notions': that is, in English, an assorted cargo. Halfway up her masts down to the deck were hung up baskets containing apples, potatoes, onions, and nuts of various kinds. Her deck was crowded with cattle, sheep, pigs, and donkeys. Below was full of shingle, lumber, and a variety of different articles too numerous to mention.

CAPTAIN MARRYAT: *Peter Simple*

Our cargo was an assorted one: that is, it consisted of everything under the sun. We had spirits of all kinds, teas, coffee, sugars, spices, raisins, molasses, hardware, crockery-ware, tin-ware, cutlery, clothing of all kinds, boots and shoes from Lynn, calicoes and cottons from Lowell, crapes, silks; also shawls, scarfs, necklaces, jewellery, and combs for the ladies; furniture, and, in fact, everything that can be imagined, from Chinese fireworks to English cart-wheels—of which we had a dozen pairs with their iron rims on.

DANA: *Two Years Before the Mast*

We sent commodities to the king [of Selangor] to barter for ambergriese, and for the horns of abath, whereof the king only hath the traffique in his hands. Now this abath is a beast which hath one horne only in her forehead, and is thought to be the female unicorne, and is highly esteemed of all the Moores in these parts as a most soueraigne remedye against poison.

HAKLUYT: *Sir James Lancaster's First Voyage*

SAILORTOWN

RATCLIFF HIGHWAY

Come all you jolly seamen,
  And listen unto me :
Avast a while, I'll make you smile,
  And tell you of a spree.
There's funny craft in Wapping,
  In streaming colours gay,
And Pirates too, and Fireships,
  In Ratcliff Highway.
So mind those buxom lasses,
  In their flying colours gay,
Or soon they'll clean your lockers
  In Ratcliff Highway !

The Old Three Crowns I anchored in,
  Oh such a jolly crew,
There's rough and smooth from every clime,
  And copper colour too.
Such lasses there, so neat and fair,
  With hair both grey and red,
Some with no nose and some no teeth,
  And damaged figurehead.

The Blue Anchor next I entered—
A Frigate took in tow:
I was run aground, my cargo lost,
I found that I must go.
I sail'd into another port,
And so by the next day
My hulk well-rigged and water-tight
Was in Ratcliff Highway.

Then there's the Three Jolly Sailors,
Such grog there in galore,
And lasses too, there's twenty,
I think as many more.
They foot it there so neatly,
But mind, without a doubt,
You'll find they'll cut your cable,
So keep a good lookout.

The Old Rose and Britannia,
Such Frigates there's at hand,
There's crooked Loo and squinting Sue,
And bandy Mary Ann.
There's skinny Nell the yellow girl,
And flash Maria neat,
There's bouncing Het and brazen Bet
That's been through all the fleet.

Then in the famed King William
That's in New Gravel Lane,
There's Jenny Jones all skin and bones,
And ugly Molly Payne.
Thick-lipped Kit as black as jet
With a bustle such a size,
And snuffling Liz, with such a phiz,
And Sukey Gravy-eyes.

So all you jolly sailors,
I'd have you bear in mind
There's Pirate craft in every port,
And Fireships you'll find.
And if you wish to have a spree,
When out upon a cruise.
Get moored all right, so snug and tight,
In the port of the Paddy's Goose.
And mind those buxom lasses,
In their flying colours gay,
Or soon they'll clear your lockers
In Ratcliff Highway.

ANONYMOUS : about 1840

PAY TO BURN

To show the folly and wantonness of seamen, it may not be amiss to relate an anecdote of the crew of a privateer. The 'Peacock' had returned from a cruise, and the seamen, having received some prize-money, purchased several watches, and in a drunken frolic, they determined to fry the works on the fire, and were highly entertained to hear such a number of them ticking in the frying-pan.

CROSBIE GARSTIN : *Samuel Kelly*

I had neither friend, relation, nor acquaintance in England, though it was my native country ; I had consequently no person to trust with what I had, or to counsel me to secure or save it ; but, falling into ill company, and trusting the keeper of a public house in Rotherhithe with a great part of my money, and hastily squandering away the rest, all that great sum, which I got with so much pains and hazard, was gone

in little more than two years' time; and as I even rage in my own thoughts to reflect upon the manner how it was wasted, so I need record no more; the rest merits to be concealed with blushes, for that it was spent in all kinds of folly and wickedness. So this scene of my life may be said to have begun in theft, and ended in luxury; a sad setting-out, and a worse coming home.

DEFOE: *Captain Singleton*

A SAILORS' SING-SONG

The greater part of the crews of the vessels came ashore every evening, and we passed the time in going about from one house to another, and listening to all manner of languages. The Spanish was the common ground upon which we all met, for every one knew more or less of that. We had now, out of forty or fifty representatives from almost every nation under the sun, two Englishmen, three Yankees, two Scotchmen, two Welshmen, one Irishman, three Frenchmen, one Dutchman, one Austrian, two or three Spaniards, half a dozen of Spanish

Americans and half-breeds, two native Indians from Chili and the Island of Chiloe, one negro, one mulatto, about twenty Italians from all parts of Italy, as many more Sandwich Islanders, one Otaheitan, and one Kanaka from the Marquesas Islands.

The night before the vessels were ready to sail, all the Europeans united and had an entertainment at the ' Rosa's ' hide-house, and we had songs of every nation and tongue. A German gave us ' Och ! du lieber Augustin ! ' the three Frenchmen roared through the Marseillaise Hymn ; the English and Scotchmen gave us ' Rule Britannia ' and ' Wha'll be King but Charlie ? ' the Italians and Spaniards screamed through some national affairs, for which I was none the wiser ; and we three Yankees made an attempt at ' The Star-Spangled Banner '. After these national tributes had been paid, the Austrian gave us a very pretty little love-song, and the Frenchman sang a spirited thing called ' Sentinelle ! O prenez garde à vous ! '

DANA : *Two Years Before the Mast*

A SHIPMASTER'S HOME

Where full in view Augusta's spires are seen,
With flowery lawns and waving woods between,
A peaceful dwelling stands in modest pride,
Where Thames, slow winding, rolls his ample tide;
There live the hope and pleasure of his life,
A pious daughter, and a faithful wife.

FALCONER: *The Shipwreck*

Captain Cuttle lived on the brink of a little canal near the India Docks, where there was a swivel bridge which opened now and then to let some wandering monster of a ship come roaming up the street like a stranded leviathan. The gradual change from land to water, on the approach to Captain Cuttle's lodgings, was curious. It began with the erection of flag-staffs, as appurtenances to public-houses; then came slopsellers' shops, with Guernsey shirts, sou'wester hats, and canvas pantaloons, at

once the tightest and the loosest of their order, hanging up outside. These were succeeded by anchor and chain-cable forges, where sledge-hammers were dinging upon iron all day long. Then came rows of houses, with little vanesurmounted masts uprearing themselves from among the scarlet beans. Then, ditches. Then, pollard willows. Then more ditches. Then unaccountable patches of dirty water, hardly to be descried, for the ships that covered them. Then, the air was perfumed with chips ; and all other trades were swallowed up in mast, oar, and block-making, and boat-building. Then, the ground grew marshy and unsettled. Then, there was nothing to be smelt but rum and sugar. Then, Captain Cuttle's lodgings—at once a first-floor and a top story, in Brig Place—were close before you.

DICKENS : *Dombey and Son*

In thoroughfares nigh the docks, any considerable seaport will frequently offer to view the queerest-looking nondescripts from foreign parts. Even in Broadway and

Chestnut Streets, Mediterranean mariners will sometimes jostle the affrighted ladies. Regent Street is not unknown to Lascars and Malays; and at Bombay, in the Apollo Green, live Yankees have often scared the natives. But New Bedford beats all Water Street and Wapping. In these last-mentioned haunts you see only sailors; but in New Bedford, actual cannibals stand chatting at street corners; savages outright; many of whom yet carry on their bones unholy flesh.

MELVILLE: *Moby Dick*

We lay in the confines of Wapping and Redriffe, tasting a delicious mixture of the air of both these sweet places, and enjoying the concord of sweet sounds of seamen, watermen, fishwomen, oyster-women, and of all the vociferous inhabitants of both shores, composing altogether a greater variety of harmony than Hogarth's imagination hath brought together in that print of his, which is enough to make a man deaf to look at.

FIELDING: *A Voyage to Lisbon*

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP

And God said unto Noah, The end of all flesh is come before me; for the earth is filled with violence through them; and, behold, I will destroy them with the earth.

Make thee an ark of gopher wood; rooms shalt thou make in the ark, and shalt pitch it within and without with pitch.

And this is the fashion which thou shalt make it of: The length of the ark shall be three hundred cubits, the breadth of it fifty cubits, and the height of it thirty cubits.

A window shalt thou make to the ark, and in a cubit shalt thou finish it above: and the door of the ark shalt thou set in the side thereof; with lower, second, and third stories shalt thou make it.

And, behold, I, even I, do bring a flood of waters upon the earth, to destroy all flesh, wherein is the breath of life from under heaven; and every thing that is in the earth shall die.

But with thee will I establish my cove, nant; and thou shalt come into the ark-

thou, and thy sons, and thy wife, and thy sons' wives with thee.

And of every living thing of all flesh, two of every sort shalt thou bring into the ark, to keep them alive with thee ; they shall be male and female.

Of fowls after their kind, and of cattle after their kind, of every creeping thing of the earth after his kind, two of every sort shall come unto thee, to keep them alive.

And thou take unto thee of all food that is eaten, and thou shalt gather it to thee ; and it shall be for food for thee, and for them.

GENESIS vi

A great axe first she gave, that two ways cut,
In which a fair well-polished helm was put,
That from an olive bough received his frame.
A plainer then. Then led she, till they came
To lofty woods that did the isle confine ;
The fir-tree, poplar, and heaven-scaling pine
Had there their offspring. Of which, those that were
Of driest matter, and grew longest there

He choosed for lighter sail. This place thus
shown,
The Nymph turned home. He fell to felling
down,
And twenty trees he stoop'd in little place,
Plain'd, used his plumb, did all with artful
grace.
In meantime did Calypso wimbles bring.
He bored, closed, nail'd and ordered every-
thing:
And look how much a shipwright will allow
A ship of burthen (one that best doth know
What fits his art) so large a keel he cast:
Wrought up her decks, and hatches, side
boards, mast,
With willow watlings arm'd her to resist
The billows' outrage, added all she miss'd,
Sail yards, and stern for guide. The Nymph
then brought
Linen for sails which with dispatch he
wrought.
Gables, and halsters, tacklings; all her frame
In four days' space to full perfection came.

CHAPMAN: *The Odysseys of Homer,*
Book V

SHIPBUILDING UNDER DIFFICULTIES

It was a very pleasant sight to us when, coming on shore, we saw all the marks and tokens of a ship-carpenter's yard; as a launch-block and cradles, scaffolds and planks, and pieces of planks, the remains of the building a ship or vessel; and, in a word, a great many things that fairly invited us to go about the same work; and we soon came to understand that the men belonging to the ship that was lost had saved themselves on shore, perhaps in their boat, and had built themselves a barque or sloop, and so were gone to sea again; and, inquiring of the natives which way they went, they pointed to the south and south-west, by which we could easily understand they were gone away to the Cape of Good Hope.

Nobody will imagine we could be so dull as not to gather from hence that we might take the same method for our escape; so we resolved first, in general, that we would try if possible to build us a boat of one kind

or other, and go to sea as our fate should direct.

In order to do this our first work was to have the two carpenters search about to see what materials the Dutchmen had left behind them that might be of use; and, in particular, they found one that was very useful, and which was much employed about, and that was a little pitch-kettle, and a little pitch in it.

When we came to set close to this work we found it very laborious and difficult, having but few tools, no ironwork, no cordage, no sails; so that, in short, whatever we built we were obliged to be our own smiths, rope-makers, sail-makers, and indeed to practise twenty trades that we knew little or nothing of. However, necessity was the spur to invention, and we did many things which before we thought impracticable, that is to say, in our circumstances.

After our two carpenters had resolved upon the dimensions of what they would build, they set us all to work, to go off in our boats and split up the wreck of the old ship, and to bring away everything we could;

and particularly that, if possible, we should bring away the mizzen-mast, which was left standing, which with much difficulty we effected, after above twenty days' labour of fourteen of our men.

At the same time we got out a great deal of ironwork, as bolts, spikes, nails, etc., all of which our artist, of whom I have spoken already, who was now grown a very dexterous smith, made us nails and hinges for our rudder, and spikes such as we wanted.

But we wanted an anchor, and if we had had an anchor, we could not have made a cable; so we contented ourselves with making some ropes with the help of the natives, of such stuff as they made their mats of, and with these we made such a kind of cable or towline as was sufficient to fasten our vessel to the shore, which we contented ourselves with for that time.

To be short, we spent four months here, and worked very hard too; at the end of which time we launched our frigate, which, in a few words, had many defects, but yet, all things considered, it was as well as we could expect it to be.

In short, it was a kind of sloop, of the burthen of near eighteen or twenty tons; and had we had masts and sails, standing and running rigging, as is usual in such cases, and other conveniences, the vessel might have carried us wherever we could have had a mind to go; but of all the materials we wanted, this was the worst, viz., that we had no tar or pitch to pay the seams and secure the bottom; and though we did what we could, with tallow and oil, to make a mixture to supply that part, yet we could not bring it to answer our end fully; and when we launched her into the water, she was so leaky, and took in the water so fast, that we thought all our labour had been lost, for we had much ado to make her swim; and as for pumps, we had none, nor had we any means to make one.

But at length one of the natives, a black negro-man, showed us a tree, the wood of which being put into the fire, sends forth a liquid that is as glutinous and almost as strong as tar, and of which, by boiling, we made a sort of stuff which served us for pitch, and this answered our end effectually;

for we perfectly made our vessel sound and tight, so that we wanted no pitch or tar at all. This secret has stood me in stead upon many occasions since that time in the same place.

Our vessel being thus finished, out of the mizzen-mast of the ship we made a very good mast to her, and fitted our sails to it as well as we could; then we made a rudder and tiller, and, in a word, everything that our present necessity called upon us for; and having victualled her, and put as much fresh water on board as we thought we wanted, or as we knew how to stow (for we were yet without casks), we put to sea with a fair wind.

DEFOE: *Captain Singleton*

The roofs of the shipbuilders' stores were blocked against a fiery west, while strange greens and lemons daubed the edge of the glow. The waters of the Rother were dark spotted with moving flecks and points of light. At the bend of the river, where it widens by Gasson's Wharf, was the black

cobweb of a ship, a-building among scaffold poles. . . . Frank felt a strange stirring pain as he looked up at the skeleton ship, with the sunset flaming through its bones. The wind came from the sunset, and whistled through the bars and scaffolding, and its low, throbbing note was to him the song of the West, calling him out to the sunset—bloodstained and aflame, calling him to leave a work and a love which had both become habits, and reach out towards something less beautiful, perhaps, but less bound. He had often thought of going out to the New World, but it was not till now that, through the bars of the skeleton ship, he had heard its call.

SHEILA KAYE-SMITH: *The Challenge to Sirius*

THE LAUNCH

There she stands,
With her foot upon the sands,
Decked with flags and streamers gay,
In honour of her marriage day,
Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending,

Round her like a veil descending,
Ready to be
The bride of the grey, old sea.

LONGFELLOW : *The Building of the Ship*

TIMBER IN A SEVENTY-FOUR

A seventy-four gun ship will swallow up nearly three thousand loads of oak timber ; a load of oak timber contains fifty cubical feet, and a ton forty feet ; so that a seventy-four gun ship takes two thousand large well-grown trees, of perhaps two tons each. The distance recommended for planting trees is thirty feet ; but supposing trees to stand at a distance of two rods (thirty-three feet) each statute acre would contain forty trees : of course the building of a seventy-four would clear the timber of fifty acres. Even supposing the trees to stand one rod apart (a short distance for such trees) it would clear twelve acres and a half ; no inconsiderable spot of ground. The complaints relative to the decrease of timber are not to be wondered at under such circumstances, and

this calculation points out to landed proprietors the necessity and patriotism of continually planting more trees to supply our future wants.

The Log Book—1826

A BUILDER'S MODEL

And first with nicest skill and art,
Perfect and finished in every part,
A little model the Master wrought,
Which should be to the larger plan
What the child is to the man,
Its counterpart in miniature ;
That with a hand more swift and sure
The greater labour might be brought
To answer to his inward thought.

LONGFELLOW : *The Building of the Ship*

A DOWN EAST SHIPYARD

Covering many a rood of ground,
Lay the timber piled around ;
Timber of chestnut, and elm, and oak,

And scattered here and there, with these,
The knarred and crooked cedar knees;
Brought from regions far away,
From Pascagoula's sunny bay,
And the banks of the roaring Roanoke!
Ah! what a wondrous thing it is
To note how many wheels of toil
One thought, one word, can set in motion!
There's not a ship that sails the ocean,
But every climate, every soil,
Must bring its tribute, great or small,
And help to build the wooden wall!

LONGFELLOW: *The Building of the Ship*

A FEW YARNS AND SOME SALT WATER WISDOM

They that sail on the sea, tell of the danger thereof, and when we hear it with our ears, we marvel thereat.

For therein be strange and wondrous works, variety of all kinds of beasts, and whales created.

ECCLESIASTICUS xliii

YARNS

. . . Tales
Of wrecks in the great September gales,
Of pirates upon the Spanish Main,
And ships that never came back again ;
The change and chance of a sailor's life,
Want and plenty, rest and strife,
His roving fancy, like the wind,
That nothing can stay and nothing can bind ;
And the magic charm of foreign lands,
With shadows of palms and shining sands . .

LONGFELLOW : *The Building of the Ship*

A TALL TALE

'This is going to be quite a breeze, Mr. Wardle,' shouted the skipper joyously, 'but I don't think the weather nowadays is ever what it was when I was young. I've been hove to in the Bay for three weeks at a time. And once we were on our beam ends for a fortnight, and all we ate all that time was one biscuit each. I was so thin at the finish that I had to carry weights in my pocket to keep myself from bein' blown overboard. Oh, this is nothin'!'

MORLEY ROBERTS: *The Captain of the Ullswater*

Scapethrift. But is there such treasure there, captain, as I have heard?

Seagull. I tell thee, gold is more plentiful there than copper is with us; and for as much red copper as I can bring, I'll have thrice the weight in gold. Why, man, all their dripping pans and chamber pots are pure gold; and all the chains with which

they chain up their streets are massy gold; all the prisoners they take are fettered in gold; and for rubies and diamonds, they go forth on holidays and gather them by the sea shore, to hang on their children's coats, and stick in their caps, as commonly as our children wear saffron-gilt brooches and groats with holes in 'em.

Scapethrift. And is it a pleasant country withal?

Seagull. As ever the sun shined on.

CHAPMAN AND BEN JONSON: *Eastward Ho!*

'All you've got to do,' said the Captain, with the solemnity of a man who was delivering himself of one of the most precious practical tenets ever discovered by human wisdom, 'is to lay your head well to the wind, and we'll fight through it!'

. . . .

'Walk fast, Wal'r, my lad,' returned the Captain, mending his pace, 'and walk the

same all the days of your life. Overhaul the Catechism for that advice, and keep it!'

. . . .

'Wal'r!' he said, arranging his hair (which was thin) with his hook, and then pointing it at the Instrument-maker. 'Look at him! Love! Honour! And obey! Overhaul your Catechism till you find that passage, and when found turn the leaf down!'

. . . .

'The ship's a good ship, and the lad's a good lad; and it ain't easy, thank the Lord,' the Captain made a little bow, 'to break up hearts of oak, whether they're in brigs or buzzums.'

. . . .

'Train up a fig-tree in the way it should go, and when you are old sit under the shade on it. Overhaul the—Well,' said the Captain on second thoughts, 'I an't quite certain where that's to be found, but when found, make a note of.'

DICKENS: *Dombey and Son*

A MORAL IN A KNOT

Amongst others, he taught me a fisherman's bend, which he pronounced to be the king of all knots; 'and, Mr. Simple,' continued he, 'there is a moral in that knot. You observe, that when the parts are drawn the right way, and together, the more you pull the faster they hold, and the more impossible to untie them; but see, by hauling them apart, how a little difference, a pull the other way, immediately disunites them, and then how easy they cast off in a moment. That points out the necessity of pulling together in this world, Mr. Simple, when we wish to hold on, and that's a piece of philosophy worth all the twenty-six thousand and odd years of my friend the carpenter, which leads to nothing but a brown study, when he ought to be attending to his duty.'

CAPTAIN MARRYAT: *Peter Simple*

WORDS OF WISDOM

'Come all you young seamen, take heed now to me,
A hard case old sailorman bred to the sea,
As had sailed the seas over afore you was born,
And learned 'em by heart from the Hook to the Horn . . .
Don't hold by the ratlines when going aloft
(Which I've told you afore, but can't tell you too oft),
Or you'll strike one that's rotten as sure as you live,
And it's too late to learn when you've once felt it give;
If you don't hit the bulwarks, you'll sure hit the sea—
For them rotten ratlines—they're the devil,' says he.

'Now if you should see, as you like enough may,
When tramping the docks for a ship some fine day,

A spanking full-rigger just ready for sea,
And think she looks all that a hooker should be . . .
Take heed you don't ship with a skipper that drinks—
You'd better by half play at fan-tan with Chinks!
For that stands for nothing but muddle and mess—
It may mean much more and it can't mean much less—
What with wrangling and jangling to drive a man daft,
And rank bad dis-*cip*-line both forrard and aft,
A ship that's ill-found and a crew out of hand,
It's a touch-and-go chance she may never reach land,
But sink in a gale or broach to in a sea,
For them drunken skippers—they're the devil,' says he.

'And if you go further and pause to admire
A ship that's as neat as your heart could desire,

As smart as a frigate aloft and alow,
Her brasswork like gold and her planking like snow . . .
Look round for a mate by whose twang it is plain
That his home port is somewhere round Boston or Maine,
With a jaw that's the cut of a square block of wood,
And . . . beat it, my son, while the going is good!
It's scouring and scraping from morning till night
To keep that brass shiny and keep them decks white,
And belaying-pin soup both for dinner and tea,
For them smart down-easters—they're the devil,' says he.

. . . .

' But if by good fortune you chance for to get
A ship that ain't hungry, or wicked, or wet,
That answers her hellum both a-weather and lee,
Sails well on a bowline, and well running free . . .

A skipper that's neither a fool nor a brute,
And mates not *too* free with the toe of their boot . . .
A " Sails " and a bosun not new to the trade,
And a " Slush " with a notion how vittles is made,
And a crowd that ain't half of 'em Dagoes or Dutch,
Or Mexican greasers, or niggers, or such,
You stick to her close as you would to your wife—
She's the sort that you only find once in your life—
And ships is like women—you take it from me
That if they *are* bad 'uns, they're the devil,' says he.

THE PHILADELPHIA CATECHISM

Six days shalt thou labour and do all thou art able,
And on the seventh holystone the decks and scrape the cable.

OLD SAYING

CONCERNING WEST INDIAN HURRICANES

July,
Stand by:
August,
Come it must:
September,
Remember:
October,
All over!

OLD SEA SAYING

THE NATURE OF AN OATH

There is one language for the pulpit, and another for on board ship, and, in either situation, a man must make use of those terms most likely to produce the necessary effect upon his listeners. Whether it is from long custom of the service, or from the indifference of a sailor to all common things and languages (I can't exactly explain myself, Mr. Simple, but I know what I mean), perhaps constant excitement may

do, and therefore he requires more ' stimilis,' as they call it, to make him move. Certain it is, that common parlancy won't do with a common seaman. It is not here as in the scriptures, ' Do this, and he doeth it ' (by the bye, that chap must have had his soldiers in tight order) ; but it is ' Do this, d—n your eyes,' and then it is done directly. The order to *do* just carries the weight of a cannon-shot, but it wants the propelling power—the d—n is the gunpowder which sets it flying in the execution of its duty.

CAPTAIN MARRYAT : *Peter Simple*

Whilst we were at dinner this day in the cabin, on a sudden the window on one side was beat into the room, with a crash, as if a twenty-pounder had been discharged among us. We were all alarmed at the suddenness of the accident, for which, however, we were soon able to account ; for the sash, which was shivered all to pieces, was pursued into the middle of the cabin by the bowsprit of a little ship called a cod-smack, the master of which made us amends for

running (carelessly at best) against us, and injuring the ship in the sea way ; that is to say, by damning us all to hell, and uttering several pious wishes that it had done us much more mischief. All which were answered in their own kind and phrase by our men, between whom, and the other crew, a dialogue of oaths and scurrility was carried on, as long as they continued in each other's hearing.

FIELDING : *A Voyage to Lisbon*

PORT AFTER STORMY SEAS

Death is at all times solemn, but never so much so as at sea. When a man falls overboard at sea and is lost there is a suddenness in the event, and a difficulty in realizing it, which give to it an air of awful mystery. Then, too, at sea—to use a homely but expressive phrase—you *miss* a man so much. A dozen men are shut up together in a little bark upon the wide sea, and for months and months see no forms and hear no voices but their own, and one is taken suddenly from among them, and they miss him at every turn.

All these things make such a death peculiarly solemn, and the effect of it remains upon the crew for some time. There is more kindness shown by the officers to the crew, and by the crew to one another. There is more quietness and seriousness. The officers are more watchful, and the crew go more carefully aloft. The lost man is seldom mentioned, or is dismissed with a sailor's rude eulogy—'Well, poor George is

gone! His cruise is up soon! He knew his work, and did his duty, and was a good shipmate.'

DANA: *Two Years Before the Mast*

INSCRIPTION: To the Memory of Captain Hewitson, of the Ship 'Town of Ulverston'

. . . .

Weep for a seaman, honest and sincere,
Not cast away, but brought to anchor here:
Storms had o'erwhelmed him, but the conscious wave
Repented, and resigned him to the grave.
In harbour, safe from shipwreck now he lies,
Till Time's last signal blazes thro' the skies:
Refitted in a moment, then shall he
Sail from this port, on an eternal sea.

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FOR THE EMPTY TOMB OF ONE LOST AT SEA

Not dust nor the light weight of a stone, but all this sea that thou beholdest is the

tomb of Erasippus ; for he perished with his ship, and in some unknown place his bones moulder, and the seagulls alone know them to tell.

GLAUCUS : Trans. Professor Mackail

A SHIPWRECKED SAILOR

Mariner, ask not whose tomb I am here, but be thine own fortune a kinder sea.

ANON. : Trans. Professor Mackail

EPITAPH

ON COMPANIONS LEFT BEHIND IN THE NORTHERN SEAS

I were unkind unless that I did shed,
Before I part, some tears upon our dead :
And when my eyes be dry, I will not cease
In heart to pray their bones may rest in peace ;
Their better parts (good souls) I know were given

With an intent they should return to heaven :
Their lives they spent to the last drop of blood,
Seeking God's glory and their country's good.
And as a valiant soldier rather dies,
Than yield his courage to his enemies ;
And stops their way with his hewed flesh, when death
Hath quite deprived him of his strength and breath ;
So have they spent themselves ; and here they lie,
A famous mark of our discovery.
We that survive, perchance may end our days
In some employment meriting no praise,
And in a dunghill rot, when no man names
The memory of us, but to our shames.
They have outlived this fear, and their brave ends
Will ever be an honour to their friends.
Why drop you so, mine eyes ? Nay, rather pour
My sad departure in a solemn shower.
The winter's cold, that lately froze our blood,
Now were it so extreme, might do this good,

As make these tears bright pearls, which I would lay
Tombed safely with you, till doom's fatal day.
That in this solitary place, where none
Will ever come to breathe a sigh or groan,
Some remnant might be extant of the true
And faithful love I ever tendered you.
Oh! rest in peace, dear friends, and let it be
No pride to say, the sometime part of me,
What pain and anguish doth afflict the head,
The heart, the stomach, when the limbs are dead:
So grieved, I kiss your graves, and vow to die,
A foster-father to your memory.

THOMAS JAMES

EPIGRAM ON SIR FRANCIS DRAKE:

IN LATIN AND ENGLISH

Si taceant homines, facient te sidera notum,
Sol nescit comitis immemor esse sui.

Sir Drake, whom well the world's end knew,
Which thou didst compasse round,
And whom both Poles of Heaven once saw
Which North and South do bound:
The stars above would make thee known
If men here silent were:
The Sun himself cannot forget
His fellow traveller.

AN EPITAPH ON SIR JOHN HAWKINS—

The waters were his winding sheet,
The sea became his tomb:
But for his fame the ocean sea
Was not sufficient room.

—AND ON SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

England his heart, his corpse the waters have,
And that which raised his fame, became his grave.

RICHARD BARNFIELD. 1598

MAINSAIL HAUL

'I don't want none of 'is stuff,' said Bill, 'nor
I don't want none of 'is gear,
I don't want things as I've knowed 'im use
nor things as I've seen 'im wear:
It ain't such things as them,' he said, 'an'
that's the truth, my son,
'Ull make me think o' Mike my pal, now
Mike 'e's dead an' gone.

'There's Bluenose Pete 'e wants 'is palm an'
the knife 'e wouldn't sell,
An' Jake 'e wants 'is good seaboots, 'cos 'is
own they leak like hell,
An' one wants this an' one wants that, the
way chaps do at sea—
Well, let them take their pick, says I, they
can 'ave the lot for me.

'An' they can 'ave 'is teakwood chest wi'
the paintin' as 'e did
O' the "Southern Cross" off Sydney 'Eads,
full sail, inside the lid,

An' the marline spike 'e always used, an' the bottled ship 'e made,
Rollin' up to the Western Isles, close-hauled on the Nor' East Trade.

'For Mike an' me was pals,' said he, 'an' I couldn't bring my mind
To wrangle like a greedy gull for the gear 'e left behind:
We've sailed together rough an' smooth, we've stuck it, sink or swim,
An' it ain't Mike's bits o' things, God knows, 'ull make me think of 'im.

'It's sun an' stars an' fog an' frost an' blue weather an' grey,
An' big seas curlin' green as glass afore they break in spray,
An' sudden dark on tropic seas dropped like a blind that's drawn,
An' stormy sunsets off the capes an' strange landfalls at dawn.

'It's drunkards shouting scraps o' songs in waterfront saloons,
An' two-stringed fiddles Chink girls play thrum-thrummin' queer old tunes,

An' the papery noise the palm-trees make
when offshore winds are wakin',
An' the fellers singin' out on the brace, an'
the royal clew a-shakin'.

'It's things you eat an' things you drink in
all the ports you know,
An' the raspy twang o' Spanish wine, an'
mule trains tinklin' slow,
An' the steamy reek of Eastern towns an'
stuffy smoky smells
In shrines where fat pot-bellied gods sit
smilin' to theirsels.

'It's things you see an' things you 'ear an'
things you feel an' do,
They bring the dead alive again, they make
the old years new,
An' it ain't Mike's bits o' things I'll want,
an' that's God's truth, my son,
To make me think o' Mike my pal, now
Mike 'e's dead an' gone.'

C. F. S.

SO LONG!

A PARTING

Relieved as I was to see her well off (and I felt like one who had just sprung from an iron trap which was closing upon him) I had yet a feeling of regret at taking the last look at the old craft in which I had spent a year, and the first year, of my sailor's life—which had been my first home in the new world into which I had entered—and with which I had associated so many things—my first leaving home, my first crossing the equator, Cape Horn, Juan Fernandez, death at sea, and other things, serious and common.

DANA: *Two Years Before the Mast*

When first for shore
I left my shipping, I was will'd to take
A naval oar in hand, and with it make
My passage forth till such strange men I met
As knew no sea, nor ever salt did eat

With any victuals, who the purple beaks
Of ships did never see, nor that which breaks
The waves in curls, which is a fan-like oar,
And serves as wings with which a ship doth soar.
To let me know then when I was arrived
On that strange earth where such a people lived,
He gave me this for an unfailing sign:
When any one that took that oar of mine,
Borne on my shoulder, for a corn-cleanse fan,
I met ashore, and show'd to be a man
Of that land labour, there had I command
To fix mine oar.

CHAPMAN: *The Odysseys of Homer*, Book XXIII

LEAVE HER, JOHNNIE

Oh, the times are hard and wages low—
Leave her, Johnnie, leave her!
And now ashore again we'll go—
It's time for us to leave her!

The grub was bad, the voyage long—
Leave her, Johnnie, leave her!
The seas were high, the gales were strong—
It's time for us to leave her!

She would not wear, she would not stay—
Leave her, Johnnie, leave her!
She shipped it green both night and day—
It's time for us to leave her!

She would not stay, she would not wear—
Leave her, Johnnie, leave her!
She shipped it green, and she made us swear
It's time for us to leave her!

The sails are furled, our work is done—
Leave her, Johnnie, leave her!
And now ashore we'll take a run—
It's time for us to leave her!

CAPSTAN SHANTY

SO LONG!

All coiled down, an' it's time for us to go;
Every sail's furled in a neat harbour stow;
Another ship for me, an' for her another crew—
An' so long, sailorman . . . good luck to you!

Fun an' friends I wish you till the pay's all gone—
Pleasure when you spend it an' content when it's done—
An' a chest that's not empty when you go back to sea,
An' a better ship than she's been—an' a truer pal than me.

A good berth I wish you, in a ship that's well found,
With a decent crowd forrard, an' her gear all sound,
Spars a man can trust to when it's comin' on to blow,
An' no bosun bawlin' when it's your watch below.

A good Trade I wish you, an' a fair landfall,
Neither fog, nor iceberg, nor long calm, nor squall,
A pleasant port to come to when the work's all through—
An' so long, sailorman . . . good luck to you!

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